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ART NICHOLS '86

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SAVAGE TALES

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DIRECT D.X. EXCHANGE

Dear Savage Tales,

. . . I like your magazine because it does not beat around the bush.

Lots of Luck,
Eddie Hamil

Dear Killers,

Who drew the White Settlement Rod Club pic?

No name

Vincent Waller.

Vince,

White Settlement. White Settlement, Texas?!

Rick Bradford

P.S. Great frontispiece.

Mr. Hama and associates,

I'm not sure if the world is ready for a magazine containing hard-hitting stories about Vietnam or the devastated future or violence for the sake of violence for that matter, but *I* sure am. I hope you gentlemen realize the potential that this has. It's been years since full-adventure heroes like the Shadow and Doc Savage have been in print. SAVAGE TALES could be the vehicle for the next legendary pulp hero.

Characters whose roots are in violence can finally cut loose without worrying about the comics code. I believe you can be trusted to be gritty and violent yet still stay within the boundaries of good taste.

Now, about SAVAGE TALES #1:

I liked it.

"5th to the 1st" was excellent. I hope it is a regular feature; it could mean the success of the book. Michael Golden has always been a favorite of mine. His eye for detail and knowledge of weapons makes him, in my opinion, the perfect artist for this type of adventure magazine. Doug Murray is a new name to me, but I'm sure we'll be hearing a lot more from this very talented man. Good stuff.

Artists like Gray Morrow and John Severin have always been

favorites of mine, and they are also very well suited to this format. How about getting talent like Val Mayerik and Al Williamson?

I've never been a Herb Trimpe fan in the past, but this stuff is pretty good. Keep up the good work, guy. You may make me a fan of yours yet.

"Blood and Gutz" was really good. I liked it. How about Blood and Gutz meet Dr. Deth? I like that spunky little guy.

Archie Goodwin's story was good. But, I'm afraid I didn't care for the Rio Grande story. I guess you can't win 'em all.

Say, how about a story featuring the character on page 65 drawn by Docherty and Simons or even the two women characters on the cover? . . . hmm. Could be kinky.

Anyway, if you handle it, you could have a real winner here.

Do good, guys, I'm counting on you. I'd like to see this book around for awhile.

Best wishes,
Richard Garcia

Savage Tales,

I've read many mags but none as good as SAVAGE TALES. The design is unbelievable!

Marco Sousa

Savage Tales:

This magazine is definitely the best! The graphic art rules and the stories are, without a doubt, great to read, the best, too. I have read G.I. JOE comics before, and a few others, but none of them can even compete with SAVAGE TALES.

I would like to see more "5th to the 1st." I would like to see a few political jerks from back then see what happened to the men who were fighting the Vietnam war, rather than the political view!

Keep the books rolling in the stores.

Eric D. Atmore
Westchester, PA

"Tales" Crew,

I really liked SAVAGE TALES #1. It was totally action-packed, and it showed lots of blood being shed (I like that). SAVAGE TALES #2 was a little less action-packed (where's the blood?). "Skywarriors" I found slightly boring (when you're kickin' back to the tune of Venom, boring material doesn't "hit the spot"). Also, "Blood and Gutz" was still good, but not as good as the first time. However, I would quite enjoy it if there was a little Ernie Chan and/or John Buscema in the mag. Also, can you put more pin-ups in?

Thanx,
Josh Henteleff
Pleasant Hill, CA

If you want John Buscema and Ernie Chan, buy CONAN THE BARBARIAN. And SAVAGE SWORD, for that matter.

Dear Marvel,

I think your new magazine, SAVAGE TALES, is fantastic! The stories and artwork are beautiful!

Though I liked every story in SAVAGE TALES, my favorite was the first story, "5th to the 1st," by Doug Murray and Michael Golden. I thought the artwork was great!

I also liked the story by Archie Goodwin and John Severin. (My favorite artist comes through again!)

And before I go, I'd like to thank Mike Golden for the outrageous cover! (it's what first caught my eye when I walked into the local bookstore!)

Well, that's it. Keep up the good work and Make Mine Marvel!

Trever Palmer
Radcliff, KY

Dear Savage Tales,

You've got a great mag going here, so please keep John Severin and Archie Goodwin around forever. Michael Golden was great on the cover *and* inside. I just wrote the check for my subscription.

Martin Knoll
Palm Harbor, FLA

Dear S.T.

Hallelujah! It's about time someone made a comic a guy can sink his teeth into! Great stories and great artwork make this the best mag I've seen in years.

I have one complaint, though—why isn't it in color?

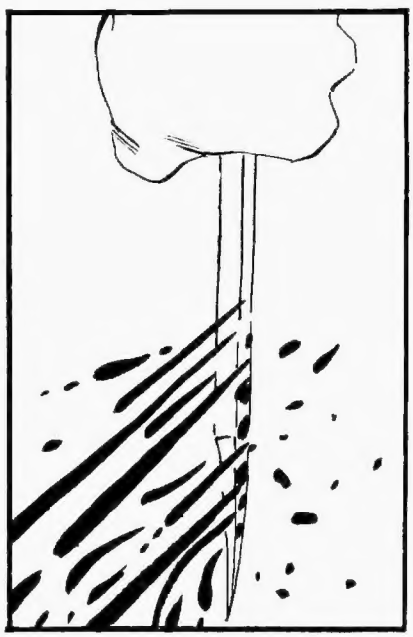
Lue Martin
Hopwood, PA

Because it looks better in black and white. And in black and white, we can print it *bigger.*

Dear Guys,

SAVAGE TALES was the first Marvel mag I've ever bought and I think it's *great!* Especially the cover, keep it up guys, and that first story, beautiful. Well, I just hope many more successful issues.

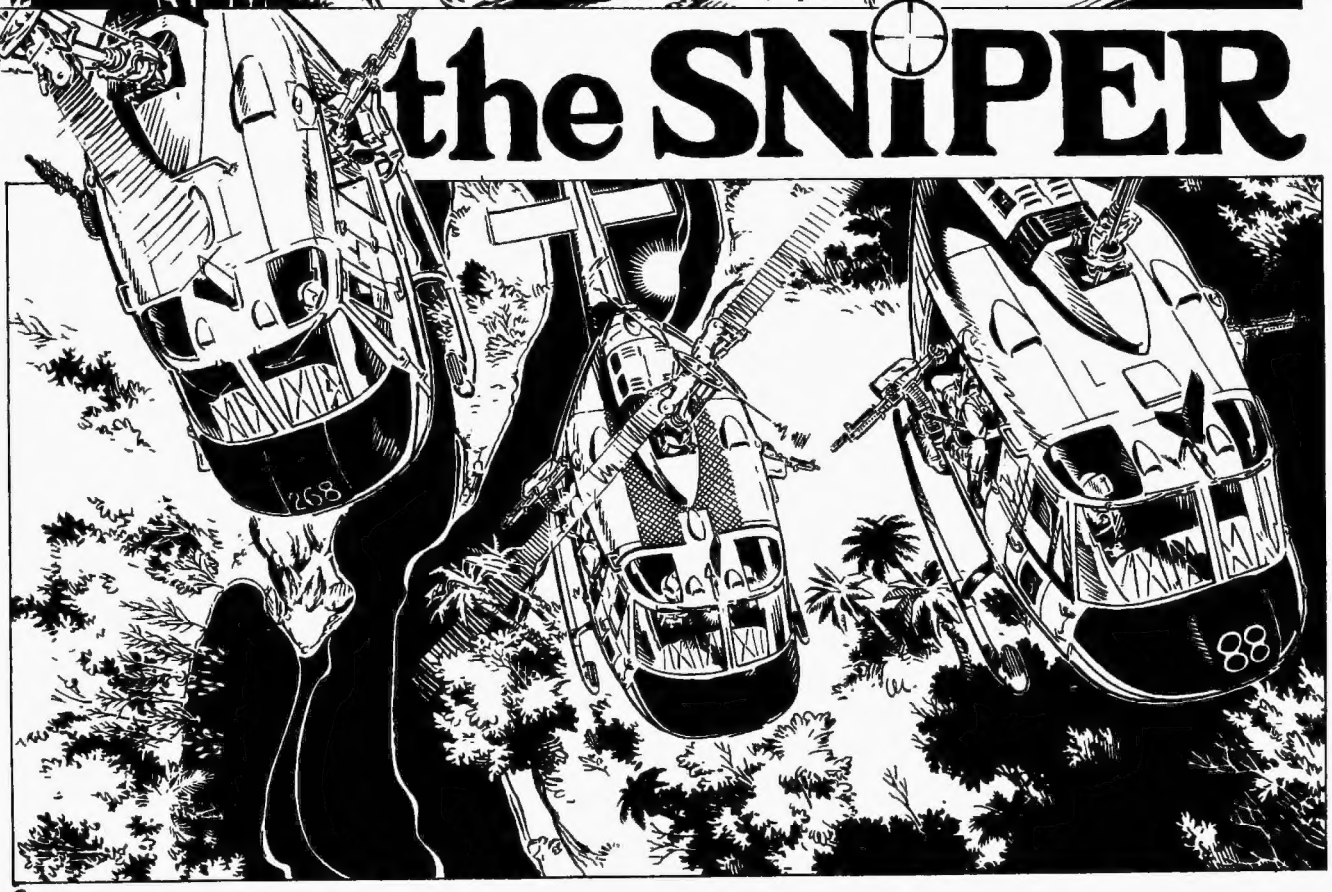
Seth Foster
Houston, Texas

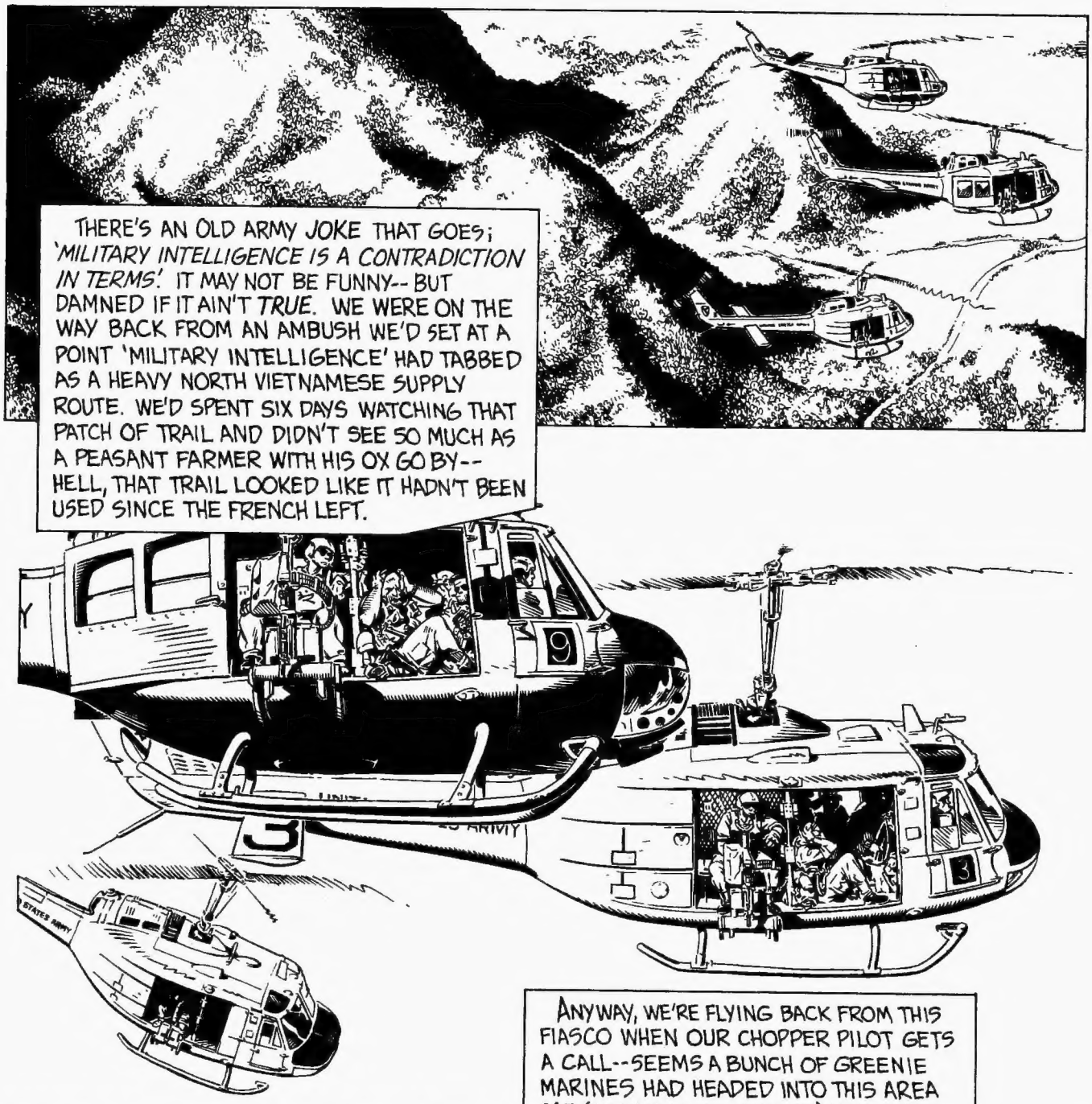


SAVAGE TALES c/o
Marvel Comics
387 Park Ave. South
New York City, NY 10016

5th TO THE 1st. BY DOUG MURRAY AND MIKE GOLDEN

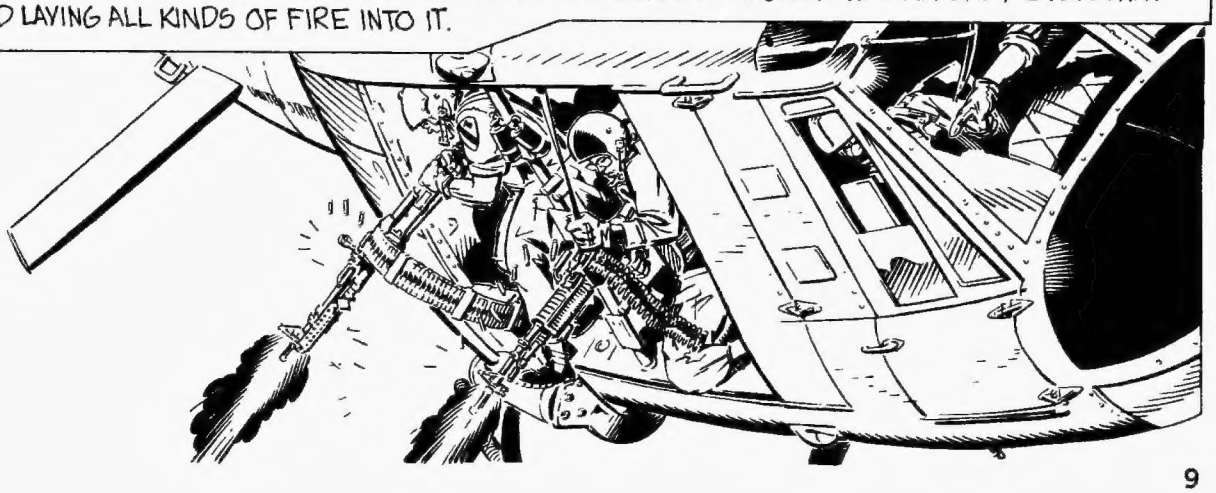
the SNIPER




THERE'S AN OLD ARMY JOKE THAT GOES; 'MILITARY INTELLIGENCE IS A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.' IT MAY NOT BE FUNNY-- BUT DAMNED IF IT AIN'T TRUE. WE WERE ON THE WAY BACK FROM AN AMBUSH WE'D SET AT A POINT 'MILITARY INTELLIGENCE' HAD TABBED AS A HEAVY NORTH VIETNAMESE SUPPLY ROUTE. WE'D SPENT SIX DAYS WATCHING THAT PATCH OF TRAIL AND DIDN'T SEE SO MUCH AS A PEASANT FARMER WITH HIS OX GO BY-- HELL, THAT TRAIL LOOKED LIKE IT HADN'T BEEN USED SINCE THE FRENCH LEFT.
ANYWAY, WE'RE FLYING BACK FROM THIS FIASCO WHEN OUR CHOPPER PILOT GETS A CALL--SEEMS A BUNCH OF GREENIE MARINES HAD HEADED INTO THIS AREA MI (MILITARY INTELLIGENCE) HAD CERTIFIED AS 'COMPLETELY PACIFIED' TO SCOUT OUT A NEW BASE LOCATION. THE 'PACIFIED' AREA HAD JUMPED UP AND BIT THE MARINES IN THEIR SOFT PLACES. THE MARINES HAD TAKEN HEAVY LOSSES WITHOUT EVEN SEEING THE ENEMY--
--NOW THEY HAD RETREATED TO THEIR LZ AND WERE SCREAMIN' FOR HELP!

OUR CHOPPER JOCKEY TOLD ME THAT HELP FROM BASE WOULD BE ABOUT 30 MINUTES COMIN', BUT WE COULD BE THERE IN FIVE. I TOLD HIM TO GO FOR IT-- HELL, WE'D BEEN ALL DRESSED UP WITH NO PLACE TO GO FOR DAYS.
WE SPOTTED THE MARINES WITHIN MINUTES, AND AS WE STARTED TO ROTATE DOWN TO THEIR LITTLE LZ, A SHOT CAME THROUGH THE CHOPPER'S LITTLE PLEXIGLAS NOSE AND CAUGHT THE PILOT IN THE NECK--HE SPURTED BLOOD EVERYWHERE AND THE CHOPPER KIND OF HEELED-OVER SIDEWAYS, CAUGHT A ROTOR ON THE GROUND, AND PINWHEELED IN.

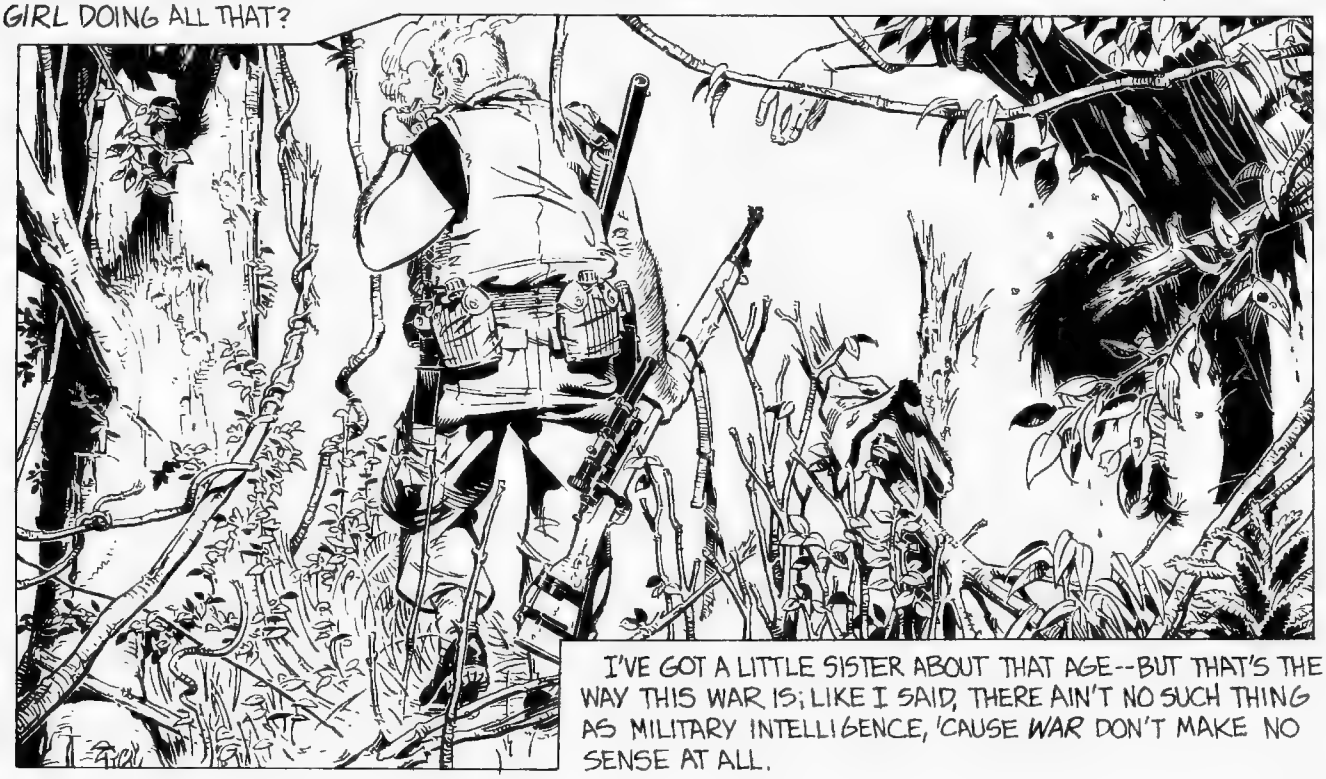
BY THE TIME I CONVINCED MYSELF I WASN'T DEAD, THE SECOND SLICK HAD COME IN SAFE AND THE *SARGE* WAS PULLING OUR TROOPS INTO THE BUSH TO CIRCLE AND PINCH OFF THE AREA THE SHOOTING WAS COMING FROM. OUR COVER SLICK WAS ALREADY OVER THAT SPOT AND LAYING ALL KINDS OF FIRE INTO IT.



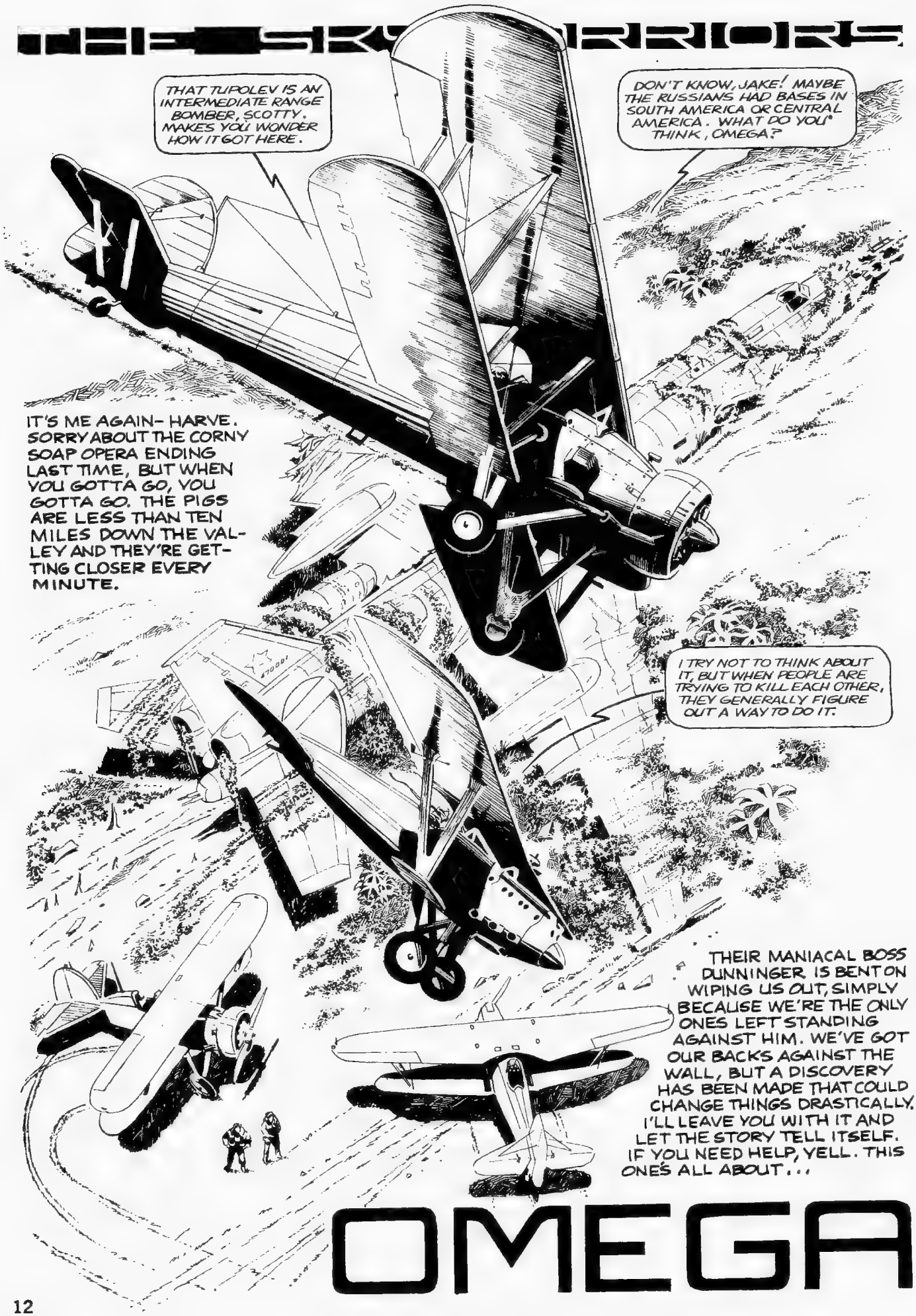
I FIGURED THINGS WERE UNDER CONTROL AND DECIDED TO SEE IF I COULD GIVE CROAKER A HAND WITH THE WOUNDED--TRUTH TO TELL, I WAS STILL A LITTLE SHOOK AND NEEDED SOME MORE TIME TO GET TO THINKIN' STRAIGHT.

THE WARRANT WHO'D BEEN FLYING THE CHOPPER WAS DEAD, BUT THE SIDE GUNNER WAS STILL BREATHING. HE'D TAKEN QUITE A HIT ON IMPACT AND HAD CAUGHT SOME METAL WHEN THE ROTOR BROKE, BUT THE CROAKER THOUGHT HE'D MAKE IT.

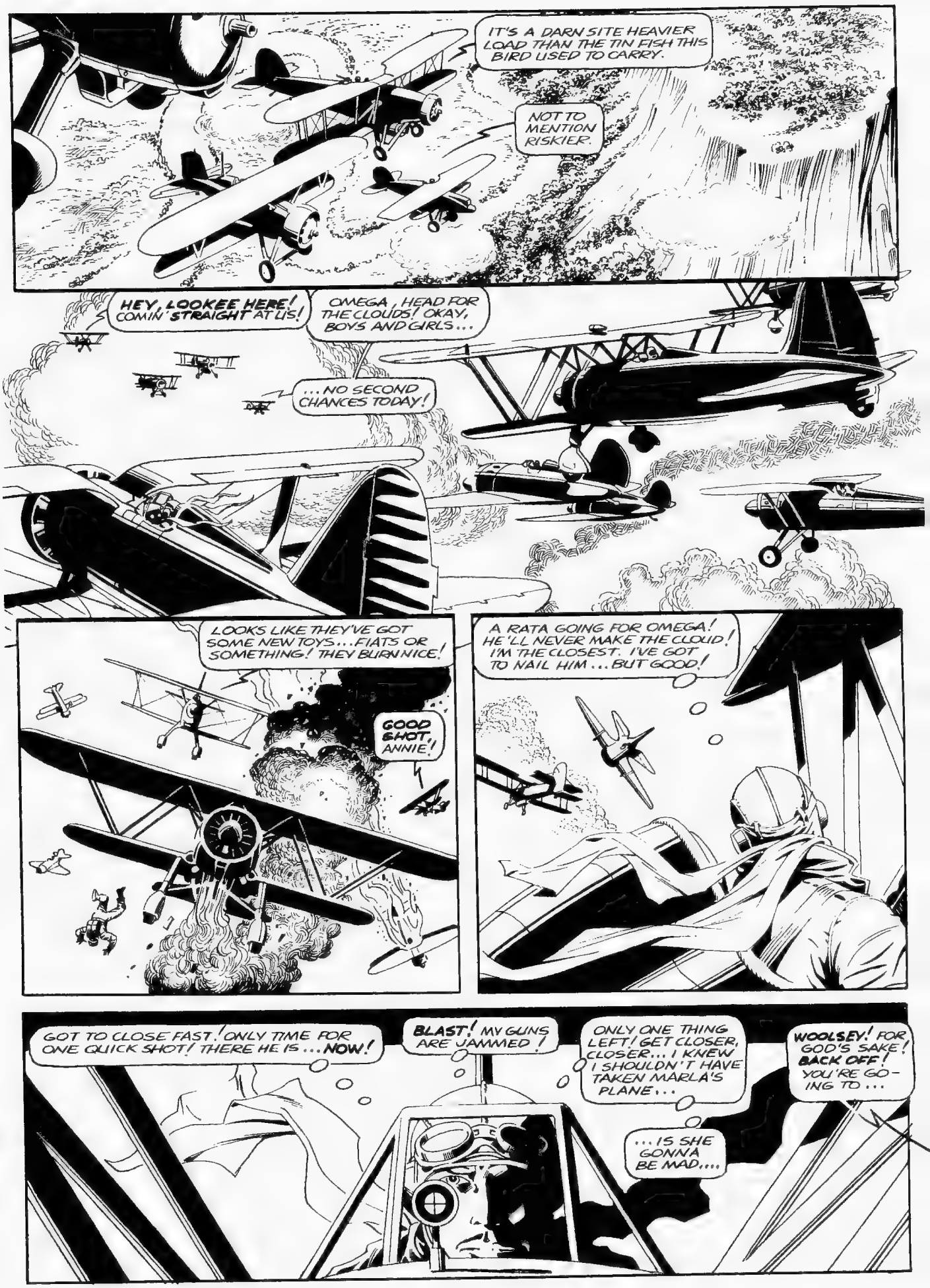
BY THEN, I FELT LIKE I COULD FACE THE BUSH, BUT AS I STARTED OUT, I SAW THE SARGE ON HIS WAY BACK IN--HE CAME UP AND TOSSED ME A *RIFLE*. IT WAS AN OLD U.S. '03 SPRINGFIELD WITH A SNIPER-SCOPE--PROBABLY A SOUVENIER FROM ONE OF JACK KENNEDY'S 'ADVISORS'. I MUST HAVE GIVEN THE SARGE A FUNNY LOOK BECAUSE HE TOLD ME THAT WAS *IT*--JUST ONE SNIPER WHO THEY'D TAKEN OUT. IT WASN'T UNTIL WE WERE BACK IN THE BASE HOISTING A COUPLE OF COLD ONES THAT HE TOLD ME THE REST--HELL, ONE LITTLE *GIRL* DOING ALL THAT?



I'VE GOT A LITTLE SISTER ABOUT THAT AGE--BUT THAT'S THE WAY THIS WAR IS; LIKE I SAID, THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, 'CAUSE *WAR* DON'T MAKE NO SENSE AT ALL.


THAT TUPOLEV IS AN INTERMEDIATE RANGE BOMBER, SCOTTY. MAKES YOU WONDER HOW IT GOT HERE.
DON'T KNOW, JAKE! MAYBE THE RUSSIANS HAD BASES IN SOUTH AMERICA OR CENTRAL AMERICA. WHAT DO YOU THINK, OMEGA?
IT'S ME AGAIN- HARVE. SORRY ABOUT THE CORNY SOAP OPERA ENDING LAST TIME, BUT WHEN YOU GOTTA GO, YOU GOTTA GO. THE PIGS ARE LESS THAN TEN MILES DOWN THE VALLEY AND THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER EVERY MINUTE.
I TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT, BUT WHEN PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO KILL EACH OTHER, THEY GENERALLY FIGURE OUT A WAY TO DO IT.
THEIR MANIACAL BOSS DUNNINGER IS BENT ON WIPING US OUT, SIMPLY BECAUSE WE'RE THE ONLY ONES LEFT STANDING AGAINST HIM. WE'VE GOT OUR BACKS AGAINST THE WALL, BUT A DISCOVERY HAS BEEN MADE THAT COULD CHANGE THINGS DRASTICALLY. I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH IT AND LET THE STORY TELL ITSELF. IF YOU NEED HELP, YELL. THIS ONE'S ALL ABOUT...
OMEGA

MINUTES LATER...
OOOOWEEE! ANNIE WAS RIGHT! WE'VE GOT A WHOLE NEW BALLGAME!
WE'VE SEEN PLENTY OF THESE, RIGHT JAKE? EVEN IF IT IS...
... A RUSSIAN NUKE!
YEP! NO MISTAKING IT!
WHAT'S YOUR CONSIDERED OPINION? IS IT SAFE?
WELL, IT'S OF THE OLDER TYPE. PRETTY DIRTY FOR ITS SIZE. A PRESSURE-SENSITIVE DETONATER. YOU CAN SET IT TO GO OFF AT ANY ALTITUDE YOU LIKE. IT'S IN THE LOW YIELD RANGE. SHE'S NOT ARMED.
SAFE AS A KITTEN.
SCOTTY, THIS THING COULD SAVE OUR BACON!
UH, UH! DARNED IF I'LL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR EXPLODING THE LAST NUCLEAR BOMB.
WE CAN SURVIVE INSIDE THAT MOUNTAIN! WE CAN DO IT! WE'VE DONE IT BEFORE!
WE SURE CAN'T LEAVE IT HERE FOR THE PIGS TO FIND, THOUGH. LET'S LOAD HER UP AND GET HOME.
SOON....
LOOKS GOOD, JAKE. OMEGA WANTS TO FLY IT BACK. YOU RIDE SHOTGUN, AGAIN. I'LL FLY COVER IN THE NIEUPORT.
HOW'S SHE HANDLE, OMEGA?
LIKE A SEAGULL WITH A CEMENT BLOCK TIED AROUND HIS MID-SECTION.


IT'S A DARN SITE HEAVIER LOAD THAN THE TIN FISH THIS BIRD USED TO CARRY.
NOT TO MENTION RISKIER.
HEY, LOOKEE HERE! COMIN' STRAIGHT AT US!
OMEGA, HEAD FOR THE CLOUDS! OKAY, BOYS AND GIRLS...
...NO SECOND CHANCES TODAY!
LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GOT SOME NEW TOYS...FIATS OR SOMETHING! THEY BURN NICE.
GOOD SHOT, ANNIE!
A RATA GOING FOR OMEGA! HE'LL NEVER MAKE THE CLOUD! I'M THE CLOSEST. I'VE GOT TO NAIL HIM...BUT GOOD!
GOT TO CLOSE FAST! ONLY TIME FOR ONE QUICK SHOT! THERE HE IS...NOW!
BLAST! MY GUNS ARE JAMMED!
ONLY ONE THING LEFT! GET CLOSER, CLOSER... I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN MARLA'S PLANE...
...IS SHE GONNA BE MAD....
WOOLSEY! FOR GOD'S SAKE! BACK OFF! YOU'RE GOING TO...

...HIT HIM!!!
MY GOD! WOOLSEY... SO LONG, TROOPER.
SAFELY IN THE CLOUD....
DID YOU SEE THAT, JAKE? HE SAVED US. ALL OF US. KIND OF RENEWS ONE'S FAITH IN THE HUMAN RACE... WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.
YEAH... JEEZ... HIS GUNS MUST HAVE JAMMED. BUT HE TOOK HIM OUT THE ONLY WAY A SKYWARRIOR KNOWS HOW... FOR KEEPS!

THAT'S THE LAST ONE, SCOTTY... YOU KNOW, IT JUST WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT THAT RASCAL.
NO ANNIE, IT WON'T.
DON'T MEAN TO STICK MY NOSE IN SO SOON, BUT ON THE WAY HOME, OMEGA HAD A CHANCE TO DO SOME SERIOUS THINKING. SOMETHING THAT HE HADN'T DONE IN A WHILE.
I'VE PROBABLY NEVER COME CLOSER TO ETERNITY THAN I WAS THEN, SITTING ON TOP OF THIS BOMB!
BUT GOD HELP ME, I'D USE IT JUST SO'S ALL WE'VE SACRIFICED WOULDN'T HAVE GONE FOR ZIP...
...AND ME BEING AN 'EX' MAN OF GOD...
...IF THERE IS SUCH A THING.

BORN SPENCER OWEN SMITH, HE HAD A VERY NORMAL CHILDHOOD AND MIDDLE CLASS UPBRINGING. ALMOST BORING. THEN CAME HIGHSCHOOL. AND FOOTBALL. HE WAS ON HIS WAY. AS AN OUTSTANDING RUNNING BACK, HE EARNED THE NICKNAME 'OMEGA' BECAUSE IT USUALLY MEANT THE END FOR ANYBODY THAT GOT IN HIS WAY. LOCAL PAPERS HAD FUN WITH HIS INITIALS...SOS!

AFTER NOTRE DAME, AND A BRILLIANT FOOTBALL RECORD, OMEGA DEVOTED HIS FULL TIME TO THEOLOGICAL STUDIES AT DIVINITY SCHOOL. HE TURNED DOWN A PRO FOOTBALL CAREER.

HE WANTED HIS FIRST MINISTRY TO BE IN THE URBAN GHETTO WHERE HE FELT HE WAS MOST NEEDED... AND THAT'S WHAT HE DID FOR THREE YEARS.

THEN CAME VIETNAM....

HE FELT A STRONG CALLING THERE AND HE STAYED FOR TWO TOURS AS AN ARMY COMBAT CHAPLAIN. THIS IS WHERE THE STRUGGLE BEGAN... THE STRUGGLE WITH HIMSELF. BACK TO THE STATES, HE DREW T.D.Y. ON A HUGE MIDWEST SAC BASE. THAT'S WHEN HE RAN INTO SCOTTY. HE WAS ON THE BUS TOUR THAT LED TO SURVIVAL IN THE CAVERNS. WHEN THE DUST HAD SETTLED, NOT ONLY THE WORLD, BUT OMEGA'S SPIRITUAL BELIEFS WERE IN SHAMBLES.

NOW IT WAS DOWN TO THIS. THE FINAL STRATEGY MEETING WAS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE AND THE JUXTAPOSITION WAS IRONIC. A SAC COMMANDER WITH AN AGGRESSIVE MILITARY RECORD READY TO TURN THE OTHER CHEEK, AN EX-PRIEST MORE THAN WILLING TO DROP THE LAST H-BOMB ON EARTH, A SON WHO'D WORKED FOR THE ENEMY, BUT NOW HAD SHOWN HIS OLD MAN THAT THE OTHERS SHOULD BE FREE TO GO IF THEY WANTED, AND A BUNCH OF PEOPLE WHO WOULDN'T LEAVE ON A BET.

BACK AT THE BASE....
GET THE OTHERS TOGETHER, ANNIE. MEETING IN FIVE MINUTES.
RIGHTO.
THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME LEFT. I'VE THOUGHT A FEW THINGS OVER AND DECIDED I'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO ASK ANY OF YOU TO STAY. YOU'RE FREE TO GO... NO HARD FEELINGS. ALSO...
BULL!
NO DISRESPECT, SCOTTY. BUT THAT'S A BUNCH OF BULL! EVERYBODY HERE KNOWS WHY YOU'VE DONE A ONE-EIGHTY!
YEAH. IT'S THAT KID OF YOURS!
HE COMES ALONG AND YOU WANT TO FLUSH IT ALL DOWN THE TOILET!
WE'RE COMMITTED. WE'RE FAMILY.
NOBODY'S WALKIN' OUT.
DISCUSSION ENDED!
OKAY, OKAY...
...BUT THERE IS ONE OTHER THING. WE'VE STILL GOT THAT BOMB OUT THERE, HANGING ON THE SWORDFISH.
I'LL TELL YOU ALL HERE AND NOW. I'M AGAINST USING IT. NOT NOW, NOT TOMORROW, NOT EVER!
WE CAN'T LET THE PIGS GET THEIR HANDS ON IT EITHER, BUT...

WUMP! WUMP!
-TOW!
FA-TOW!
POK-A-POK-A POK-A
KRACK! POW! POW!
DEFENSIVE POSITIONS!
SCRAMBLE ALL AVAIL-ABLE PLANES!
THIS IS IT.!
THERE THEY GO! FIVE PLANES. WE NEVER SAW THEM COMING!
RONI, POSITION YOUR PEOPLE AT THE WESTERN BARRICADE! THEY'RE IN THE WOODS AT THE END OF THE RUNWAY!
CAN'T WASTE YOUR TALENT ON THE GROUND, MARLA. TAKE WOOLSEY'S FURY. GET ONE FOR ME.
I'LL GET ONE FOR EVERYBODY. ESPECIALLY WOOLSEY.
WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THEIR PLANES AWAY FROM THE FIELD. GIVE OUR GUYS ON THE GROUND A CHANCE.
KILL THE ROTTEN PORKERS!
DAD, LISTEN! LET ME TRY SOMETHING! I'LL GO OUT UNDER A WHITE FLAG. HE'LL LISTEN TO ME. I'LL TELL 'EM ABOUT THE BOMB. THAT WE WON'T USE IT, WE JUST DON'T WANT ANY MORE HASSLE. WE GO OUR WAY, THEY GO THEIRS.
NEGATIVE, GABRIEL. DO YOU THINK THEY'LL LET US WALK AWAY EVEN IF THEY SAY THEY WILL? I DOUBT IT.
BESIDES, I'VE BEEN OVER-RULED. THE REST WANT TO STAY AND FINISH IT... ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.
HEY, I THINK ONE OF OUR GUYS WENT IN.
NO....
SHELL

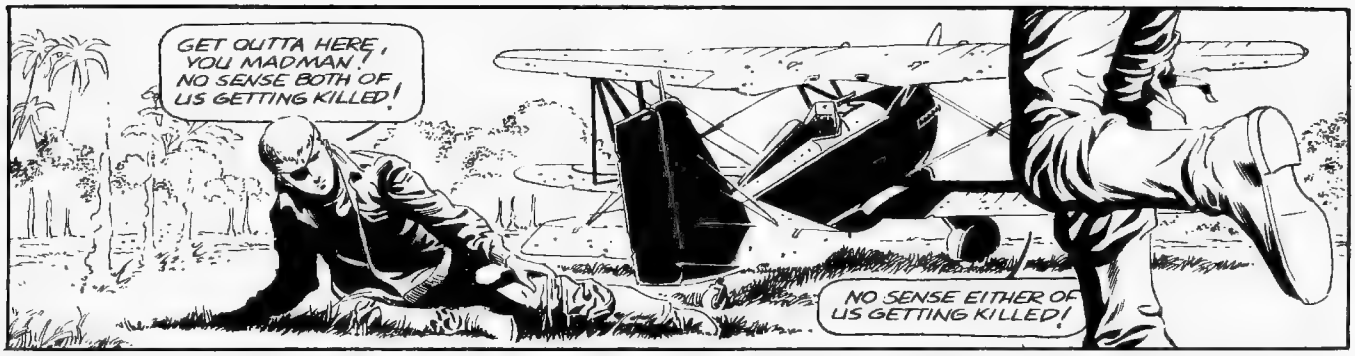
MERE MOMENTS LATER.
IT'S ANNIE, SCOTTY. SHE'S HURT BAD. SHE TOOK A SLUG IN THE BACK ON TAKE-OFF....
SHE STALLED IT AND SPUN IN AT THE END OF THE RUNWAY.
GET HER INSIDE. HAVE DOC SEE WHAT HE CAN DO.
GAB....
GABRIEL!
SEE YOU LATER, COLONEL. I'M GOING TO PUT AN END TO THIS INSANITY.
FORWARD TO THE BARRICADE! MAKE YOUR SHOTS COUNT! WATCH FOR PLANES! MOVE IT!
HEY, CHIEF! THERE'S A BOZO WITH A WHITE FLAG COMIN' OUT! SHOULD I KILL HIM?
NO! HOLD YOUR FIRE! LISTEN TO WHAT HE HAS TO SAY.... WELL... IF IT AIN'T MY OLD PAL, GABRIEL!
YOU, PUNK! YOU GOT MY AIRPLANE!
DUNNINGER!
I WANT IT BACK!
LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY, DUNNINGER! WE WANT TO CALL IT QUITS! WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU! WE HAVE SOMETHING...
...SOMETHING THAT CAN STOP YOU! WE DON'T WANT TO USE IT!

YOU CAN SAVE LIVES! MAYBE YOUR OWN!
AIN'T HE CUTE.
SHOOT HIM!
GABRIEL! NO!
COVER ME!
I'LL SEE YOU BURN IN HELL, DUNNINGER!
KRAK KOAK!
SO THEY BOTH WORKED TOGETHER. THE FLYER AND THE FOOTBALL PLAYER. BOTH RESORTING TO THE THING THEY WERE THE BEST AT. WHILE OMEGA STORMED FORWARD, FEINTING AND WEAVING TOWARDS GABRIELS STRICKEN FORM, SCOTTY PROVIDED AIR SUPPORT.

NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS GET US BOTH BACK IN ONE PIECE...
...AND I JUST MIGHT MAKE IT...
...WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM...
...THE MAN UPSTAIRS!
WAY TO GO, BIG GUY!
YOU TOOK ONE IN THE LEG, OMEGA! BETTER GET BACK THERE AND SEE DOC!
'S OKAY...LET ME REST A MINUTE...
...YOU KNOW... SCOTTY'S RIGHT.
IT'S DEAD WRONG... TO USE THE BOMB....
STOP HIM! SHOOT HIM DOWN!
I WANT THAT BOZO'S HIDE!
HERE HE COMES, BOSS!
FUMP!
HE'LL BE DRAWN AND QUAR...UGH!
DUCK, CHIEF!

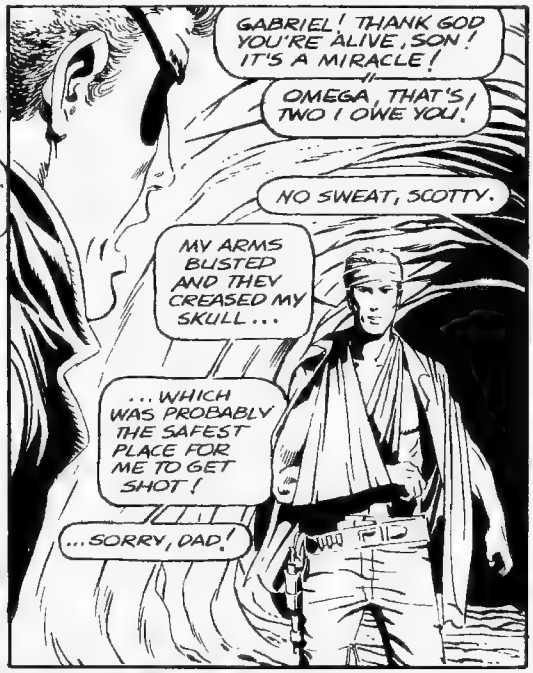
PICK OF THE WOMEN TO THE MAN THAT BRINGS HIM TO ME!
I WANT HIM ALIVE!
RESUME THE ADVANCE!
YOU'RE LUCKY I RAN OUT OF AMMO, YOU PERVERTED CREEP!
YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR ALL OF IT!
HERE COME THE PIGS! FALL BACK!
TAKE COVER IN THE CAVE!
SCOTTY'S COMING IN! HIS PLANE LOOKS LIKE A SIEVE!
KEEP IT MOVIN', BUCKOS! KEEP IT MOVIN'! HE'LL NEED COVER FIRE!

SCOTTY LANDED IN FRONT OF THE ADVANCING PIGS, BUT WENT DOWN AS HE BOLTED FOR COVER. GUESS WHO WENT OUT AFTER HIM, SPORTS FANS? YOU GUESSED IT! SPENCER OWEN SMITH!



SO, IN THE FINAL HOURS OF THE STRUGGLE, AT LEAST ONE SKYWARRIOR, OMEGA, WAS FINDING A NEW SENSE OF PURPOSE TO HIS LIFE. OR MAYBE JUST A RENEWED SENSE OF PURPOSE, ALTHOUGH, IF YOU ASKED HIM, I'M SURE HE'D BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT THAT, WHEN YOU'RE SPIRITUALLY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GO... UP! SEE YA'LL!

OMEGA, WHAT ABOUT... ...WHAT ABOUT... GABRIEL...
IN A MINUTE, SCOTTY. DOC, TAKE A LOOK AT HIM, WILL YOU?
FORGET IT FOR NOW! WE GOTTA GET DEEPER INTO THE CAVE!
ABOUT GABRIEL, OMEGA. I SAW YOU BRING HIM IN... IS HE..? IS HE...?
HEY, DAD!


GABRIEL! THANK GOD YOU'RE ALIVE, SON! IT'S A MIRACLE!
OMEGA, THAT'S TWO I OWE YOU.
NO SWEAT, SCOTTY.
MY ARMS BUSTED AND THEY CREASED MY SKULL...
...WHICH WAS PROBABLY THE SAFEST PLACE FOR ME TO GET SHOT!
...SORRY, DAD!

LIKE MY OLD MAN USED TO TELL ME! THE ONE WITH THE MOST TOYS, WINS!
IT LOOKS LIKE WE WIN!
BREAK OUT THE BEER.
WE'VE GOT 'EM BOTTLED UP LIKE A BUNCH OF RATS IN A HOLE!
WE FIXED 'EM, CHIEF!

LISTEN TO 'EM OUT THERE. SOUNDS LIKE A BUNCH OF HYENAS!
I DON'T THINK THEY'LL TRY TO GET IN JUST YET. WE COULD PICK 'EM OFF ONE AT A TIME.
HOW'S ANNIE, DOC?
SHE'LL BE OKAY, BUT SHE'S GOT TO STAY PUT.

WELL, I THINK WE'LL BE SAFE FOR A WHILE, AND I GUESS WE'RE IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE. EXCEPT FOR ONE VERY SMALL DETAIL...
...THE BOMB!
IT'S STILL OUT THERE!

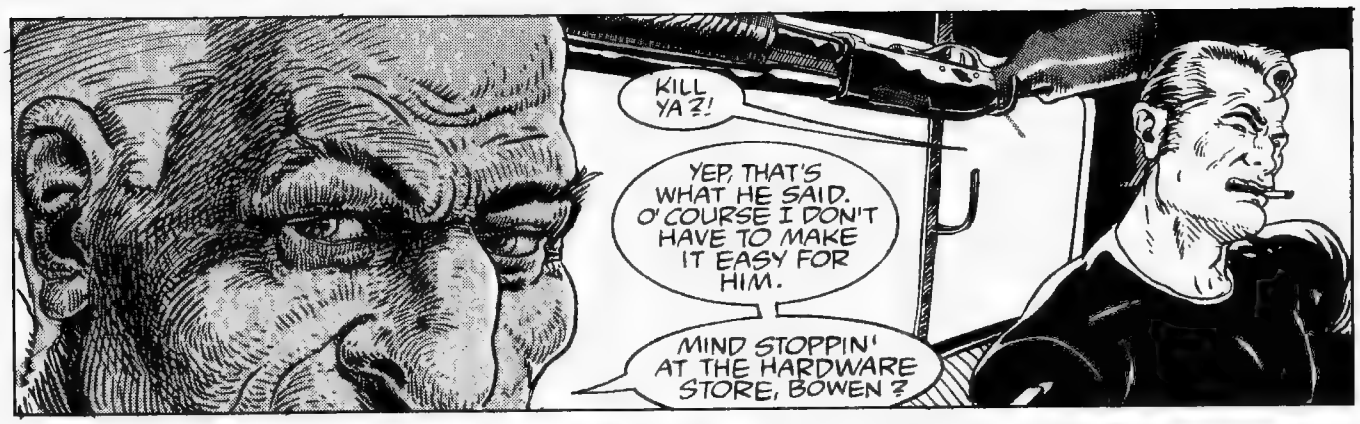
Herb Trimpe

DOWN SOUTH THEY'RE SAYIN' THAT THE DAYS OF THE MOONSHINER ARE DRAWIN' TO A CLOSE. THERE AIN'T MUCH PROFIT IN MAKIN' WHISKEY AND THE FIELDS WHERE MOONSHINERS USED TO RAISE A CROP OF CORN FOR THEIR MASH ARE BEIN' PUT TO A DIFFERENT USE...
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, REDNECK!
THADA-DA-DA-DUH!
GOOD OL' BOYS
MAMA DIDN'T RAISE NO FOOL!
STORY--DON KRAAR. ART--VINCENT WALLER.
LETTERS--PHIL FELIX. EDITOR--LARRY HAMA.

DIDN'T YOU SEE THE SIGN THAT SAID KEEP OUT, OR CAN'T YOU READ?
NO, BOWEN, JUST LEAVE HER BE. THAT AIN'T NO WAY TO HANDLE THIS.
WE'RE ON OUR WAY, MISTER, JUST KEEP YOUR FINGER OFF THAT TRIGGER.
YESSIR, WE'LL BE MOVIN' ON. JUST MADE A LITTLE MISTAKE.

THOUGHT THIS WAS THE SAME FIELD I USE TO PLANT 'BOUT EVERY OTHER YEAR.
SO LONG, Y'ALL BE GOOD.
YOU KNOW DANG GOOD AND WELL THIS HERE'S THE SAME FIELD, UNCLE ZEB.

SHO' NUFF, I KNOW. BUT WHAT YOU WAS ABOUT TO DO AIN'T NO WAY TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR ENEMIES.
YEP, THEM MARIJOEHOONEY FARMERS IS TAKIN' OVER, AND SOMEBODY OUGHTA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, BUT WHAT?
WELL, NOW, IF THIS HERE AIN'T ALL WE NEED TO MAKE OUR DAY. IT'S RIGHTEOUS ROBERT.
OH, NO...
AFTERNOON, INSPECTOR CHILDERS.
JUST WHAT THE BE-JESUS WAS THAT ABOUT, UNCLE ZEB?
AW, THAT WAS JUST RIGHTEOUS ROBERT'S WAY OF REMINDING ME THAT BEFORE HE RETIRES IN 48 HOURS, HE'S PROMISED TO KILL ME.
RINDSU
2


KILL YA?!
YEP, THAT'S WHAT HE SAID. O' COURSE I DON'T HAVE TO MAKE IT EASY FOR HIM.
MIND STOPPIN' AT THE HARDWARE STORE, BOWEN?

AT COUSIN OSCAR LEE'S SERVICE STATION...
AND WHY DO YOU WANT TO GET OUR OL' WAR WAGON OUT OF MOTHBALLS?
UNCLE ZEB, WHAT DO YOU NEED WITH ALL THEM BOXES OF DETERGENT FROM THE HARDWARE STORE?
I THOUGHT I TAUGHT YOU BOYS BETTER THAN TO ASK YOUR UNCLE ZEB A LOT O' FOOLISH QUESTIONS. JUST WATCH AND LEARN.

YOU'RE GONNA FILL UP THEM CONTAINERS FOR MOONSHINE WITH THAT HOME MADE NAPALM, AIN'T YA?

WELL, NEPHEW, I RECKON THAT MAKES YOU 'BOUT HALF AS IGNORANT AS I THOUGHT YOU WAS.
WHY, YOU DUMB OLD COOT, YOU'RE GONNA KILL YOUR OWN SELF!

AND MISS THE GRAND OL' OPRY. NOSIRREE, I AIN'T GOT NO INTENTION O' DOIN' THAT. BUT, RIGHTEOUS ROBERT MIGHT.
THEN I'M COMIN' WITH YOU, HEAR?
SUITS ME, ONLY DON'T COMPLAIN ABOUT MY DRIVIN'.
3

THAT NIGHT...
JUST HOW DO YOU PLAN TO PULL THIS OFF?
REAL CAREFUL, THAT'S HOW.
WHAT THE...?
WHEN I HIT THAT TIMER, WE'VE GOT THIRTY SECONDS TO GET CLEAR OF THE CAR, HEAR?
HEY, GOOD BUDDY, THE MAN'S DONE LEFT THE DINER AND HE'S ON HIS WAY.
WELL, BOWEN, YOU CAN BACK OUT NOW OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE.
I'M IN.
THEN LET'S HIT THE ROAD, BOY!
YEEHAAAWW!
YESSIRREE, I KNEW HE'D RECOGNIZE THE WAR WAGON. IT'S JUST LIKE OLD TIMES!
4

GET ON THE LINE AND CALL FOR A BACK-UP, BOY.
O' COURSE, THE WAY THIS LOOKS THESE OL' BOYS ARE GONNA COME TO A SUDDEN DEMISE RESISTIN' ARREST, HA HA...
YESSIR, THAT INSPECTOR BOB CHILDERS IS ONE OF THE FINEST POLICE OFFICERS THAT MONEY CAN BUY. HE'S SO RIGHTEOUS HE'D NEVER TAKE A BRIBE UNLESS IT WAS A HIGH FIVE FIGURE ONE.
BLAM!
NOW WHAT DID HE HAVE TO GO AN' DO THAT FOR?
LIKE I ALWAYS TOLD YOU, USIN' A GUN IS NO WAY TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR ENEMIES, BOWEN.
THEY AIN'T GIVIN' US A LOT O' CHOICE!
NOW, I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE ANY TOO ACCURATE, BOWEN. JUST KEEP 'EM INTERESTED.
I HEAR YA, UNCLE ZEB.
GET OUT THEM SHOTGUNS, BOY. THIS HERE IS ABOUT TO GET SERIOUS.
KRAK!
PWEEEE
5

YEP, OL' RIGHTEOUS ROBERT LIKES THEM HIGH FIVE FIGURE BRIBES AN' IF YA CAN'T MAKE SCRATCH, YOU GO TO JAIL.
AN' WHILE I WAS THERE I HAD A LONG TIME TO THINK THINGS OVER, BOWEN.
HEY, UNCLE ZEB, AIN'T THIS THE FIELD THEM MARIJOEHOONEY FARMERS RAN US OUT OF TODAY?
KEEP OFF!
MATTER OF FACT IT IS, NOW IF THAT DON'T BEAT ALL!
WHERE ARE YOU GOIN'?
KRRRRRRR
AAASH!
I TOLD YOU NOT TO COMPLAIN ABOUT MY DRIVIN'!
NOW, BALE OUT, BOY!
6

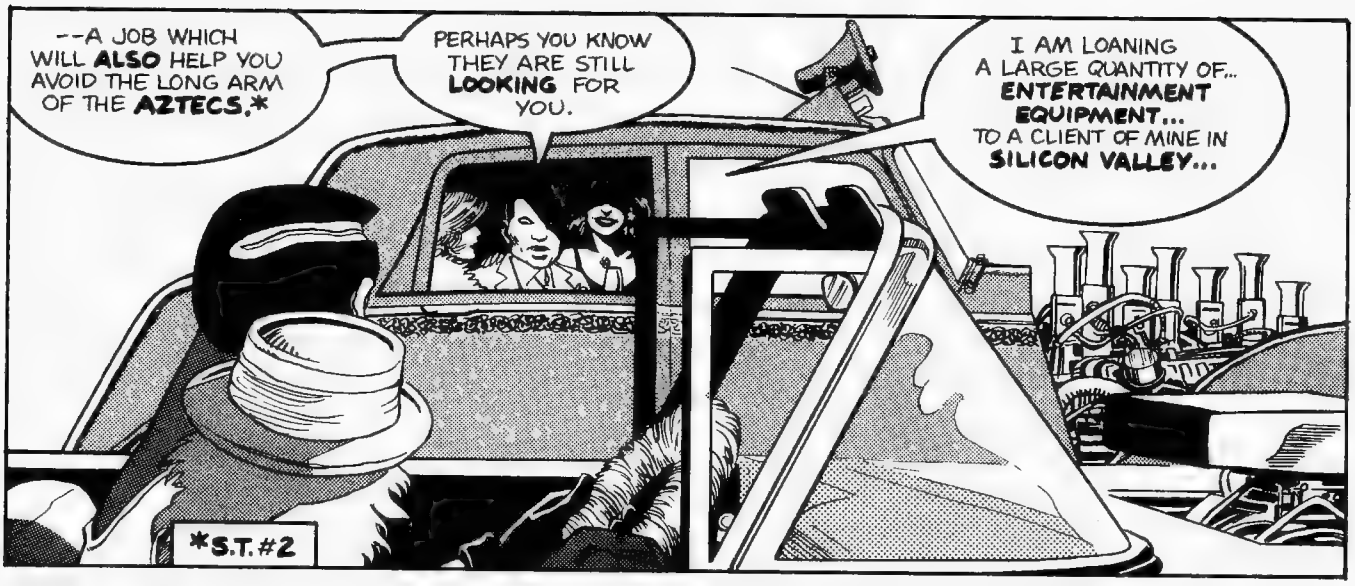
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, YA DANGED YUPPIE!
BLAM!
BLAM!
Y'ALL HAVE FUN, HEAR?
IT'S SOME KIND OF RAID!
AW, SH...
THADADADADADAP!

BA-DOOM
THDDA
THADDAP
THAP
THDDAP
BLAM
BOOM
AND THAT IS THE WAY YOU TAKE CARE OF YOUR ENEMIES!
THAT'S ALL!
8

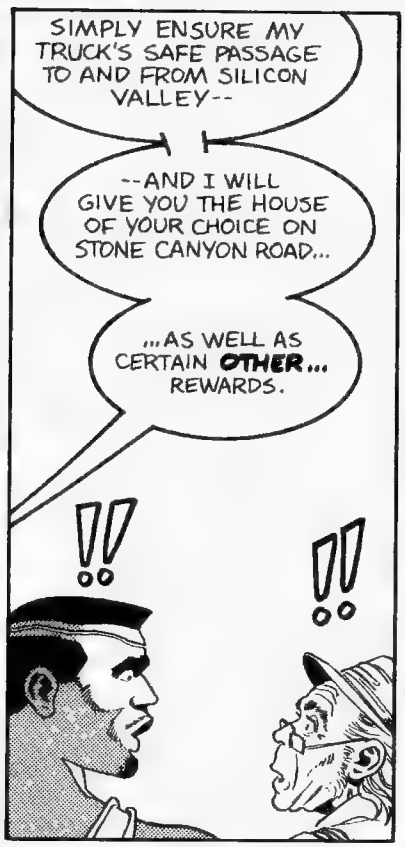
AW, CHEER UP, GUTZ! THINGS AIN'T THAT BAD!
SURE IT COST US 5,000 GALLONS 'A WATER -- BUT YER STILL ALIVE!
MAN, Y'GOTTA LOOKIT TH' BRIGHT SIDE!
LIKE, SO WHAT IF WE LIVE INNA DUMP--?
--'LEAST WE STILL GOT TH' MEANEST CAR THIS SIDE'A--

!
WILL JUNGKUNTZ
STORY//ART
LARRY HAMA
EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
BEVERLY HILLS TRAFFIK CONTROL
ALL SIGNALS STRICTLY ENFORCED
TOP $
ESCORT Service
A NEW "BLOOD & GUTZ" ADVENTURE!

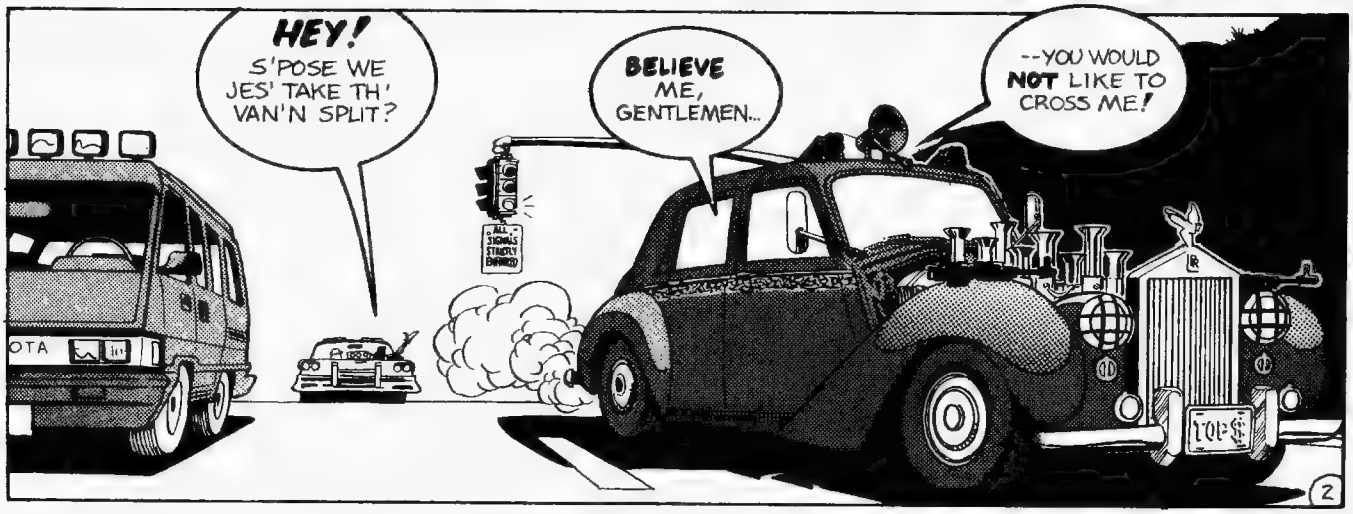
GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN.
MY NAME IS KIM LO AHN.
I WISH TO OFFER YOU A JOB.
1


--A JOB WHICH WILL **ALSO** HELP YOU AVOID THE LONG ARM OF THE **AZTECS.***
PERHAPS YOU KNOW THEY ARE STILL **LOOKING** FOR YOU.
I AM LOANING A LARGE QUANTITY OF... **ENTERTAINMENT EQUIPMENT...** TO A CLIENT OF MINE IN **SILICON VALLEY...**
*S.T.#2

I HAVE A TRUCK AND I HAVE A DRIVER... BUT WHAT I NEED IS **SECURITY...**
WHAT YOU NEED IS A **SUBMARINE!**
AIN'T NO **COAST** NO MORE!
I HAVE MAPS OF A NEW ROAD VIA **I-5.**


SIMPLY ENSURE MY TRUCK'S SAFE PASSAGE TO AND FROM SILICON VALLEY--
--AND I WILL GIVE YOU THE HOUSE OF YOUR CHOICE ON STONE CANYON ROAD...
...AS WELL AS CERTAIN **OTHER...** REWARDS.
!!
!!

MEET THE TRUCKER ON LOS FELIZ BY THE FREEWAY TOMORROW AT DAWN, AND YOU'LL RECEIVE TWO WEEKS' PROVISIONS FOR THE TRIP.
YOU MAY TAKE THAT **VAN** AS A **BACK-UP** TO YOUR OWN CAR.
--THINK OF IT AS A "GOLDEN HANDSHAKE".


HEY! S'POSE WE JES' TAKE TH' VAN'N SPLIT?
BELIEVE ME, GENTLEMEN...
--YOU WOULD **NOT** LIKE TO CROSS ME!
2

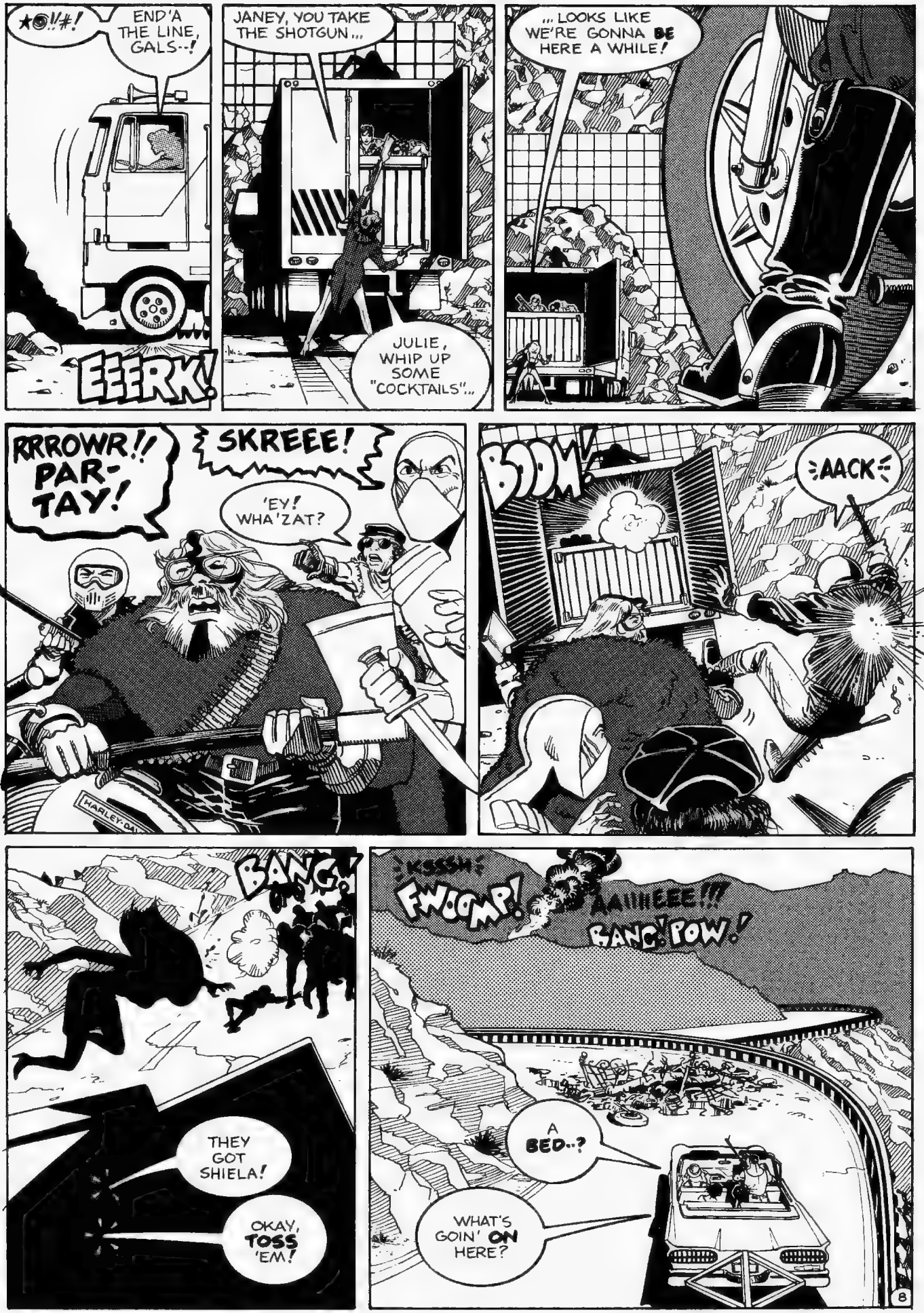
HONK HONK
HEY, LOOKIT US!
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?
WHERE'D YOU GET THAT?
MAXI, YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THIS--!
--YOU'RE RIGHT, I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
LOOK! THIS HERE VAN'S HIS...
WHA'DEE CALLIT?
"GOLDEN HAND-SHAKE".
YEAH-- 'N "GOLDIE" HERE IS GOOD ENOUGH FER ME!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO LIVE IN BEVERLY HILLS...
DAWN...
OKAY, Y'GOD Y'DOO WEEKS'...
Y'GOD Y'MAPS...
ID'S I-5 AS LOG AS ID LASDS.
LED'S GO!
HEY, WHAT'S IN THE TRUCK?
WOD, I OWE YOU MUDDY?
BUG OFF, PEE WEE!!
NOON...
YESSSS, MY PRETTY, I SSEEEE...
SSSOOON, SSSOOOON...
BE PATIENT, MY PET!
NOW GET READY...
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO...
...SSSMASHH RIGHT THROUGH HIS FAAAAA
3

YYYYIIIIII!
ALL CLEAR, FOLKS...
Vicki
ACCORDING TO KIM'S MAP, THIS IS THE LAST OVER-PASS STILL STANDING.
FROM HERE ON OUT IT'S REGULAR FORMATION!
WELL, THAT'S ONE HASSLE OFF OUR MINDS!
NO FOOLIN'!
YAAAAAAAA
SPLAT!
NOW BABY, IS WHAT I CALL COOL RUNNIN'...
I ONLY HOPE THE OF THE TRIP IS JUST AS EASY!
TUCHO, MIRA!
JUST LIKE HE SAID--!

--AIR-CONDITIONED, WIF ALL TH' EXTRAS... huh! 'S EVEN GOT A ICEMAKER--!
BLOOD~
NOTICE ANYTHIN'... DIFFERNT ABOUT ME?
I DUNNO-- SHOULD I?
MY HAIR, YOU *@#;!@!! BONE-HEAD--!
OO-DA PA DOODA B--
KLANK!
HELLO, HANDSOME...
?!!
ME AN' THE GIRLS THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE GETTING A LITTLE... STIFF AFTER DRIVING SO LONG...
--I KNOW A GREAT WAY TO HELP YOU RELAX--!
OOOHH, YEAH!
I-5'S IN BETTER SHAPE THAN I EXPECTED!
HOW MUCH FURTHER, HONEY?
WE STILL GOT... ? THAT'S FUNNY...
SOMETHING'S BEEN ERASED UP AHEAD...
EEEEERRRRRRRRRR
WHAT THE--
5

THE DRIVER-!
HOLY-- HE'S BRAKIN'!
NNOOO..!
EERRRRRRR
OF ALL TH'@*:!!!
GIT DOWN, BIT!
WE'RE GONNA HAFTA DITCH IT!
PROBLEMAS, TUCHO!
TRUCK'S DITCHIN' ITS ESCORT!
MMMMMM...
THAT NO-GOOD, DOUBLE-CROSSIN' *¥!@&!!
WHAT?!!
'S TAKIN' EXIT 419--!
BUT-- THAT'S A DEAD END!
MMMM... GOOD.
WE GO.
GOOOO!!
KREE-GAAAH!
VA-ROOM!
6

GUTZ, WE'RE LOSING 'IM!
JUST LEMME GET TURNED AROUND AN'-- OH, GREAT!
*@%!!
DEMOLITION EXPERT (213) 582
BIKERS! JUST WHAT WE NEED!
BLOOD, LOOK!
STOP LOOKIN' AN' PULL!
WE AIN'T LEAVIN' GOLDIE HERE TA RUST!
LATER FOR THAT, BLOOD! HOP IN!
JES' A MINNIT, IT'S COMIN'! A COUPLE'A MORE--
LEAVE IT!
HE DON'T KNOW DA TUNNEL'S BLOCKED!
WHAT A WHEEZE!
WE GOT'M N--
?!
WHAM!
7

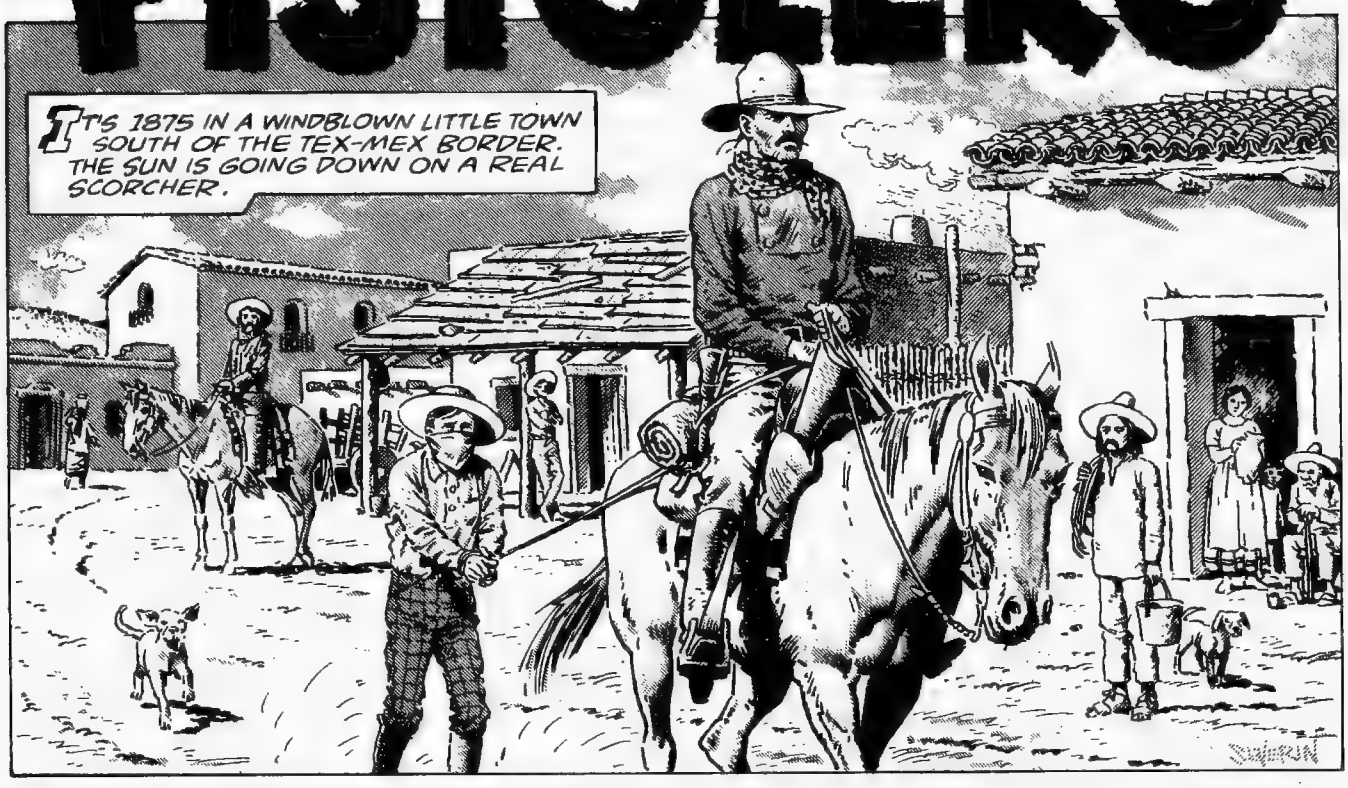

★◎!/#!
END'A THE LINE, GALS--!
EEERK!
JANEY, YOU TAKE THE SHOTGUN...
JULIE, WHIP UP SOME "COCKTAILS"...
...LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA BE HERE A WHILE!
RRROWR!! PAR-TAY!
SKREEE!
'EY! WHA'ZAT?
HARLEY-04
BOOM!
AACK
BANG!
THEY GOT SHIELA!
OKAY, TOSS 'EM!
KSSSH
FWOOMP!
AAIIIEEE!!!
BANG! POW!
A BED..?
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
8

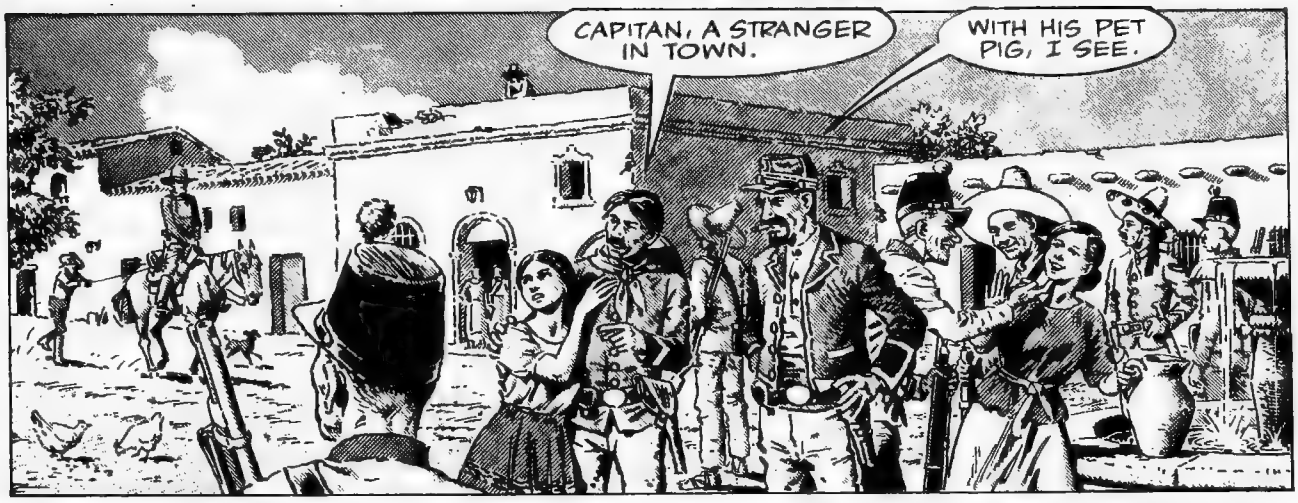
AAAIIIEEE!!
POW!
THIS AIN'T WORKIN'...
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA GET TH' DROP ON 'EM FUM UP TOP!
ME, TUCHO!
I'LL GO UP TOP! DROP A--
--?! HANG ON!
YAAAAA
Yo' Mama
BOP!
RATATATATA
BOOM POW
BANG BAM
AAAAAAAAAA
9

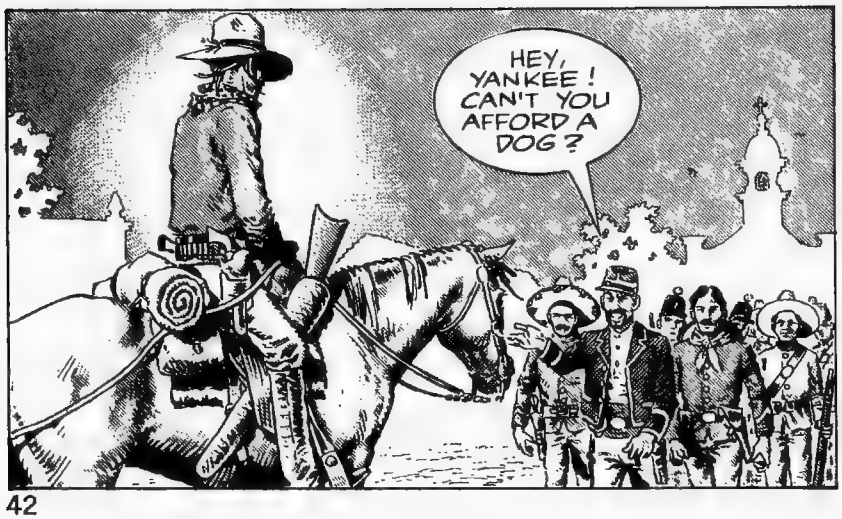
TO BE CONCLUDED...

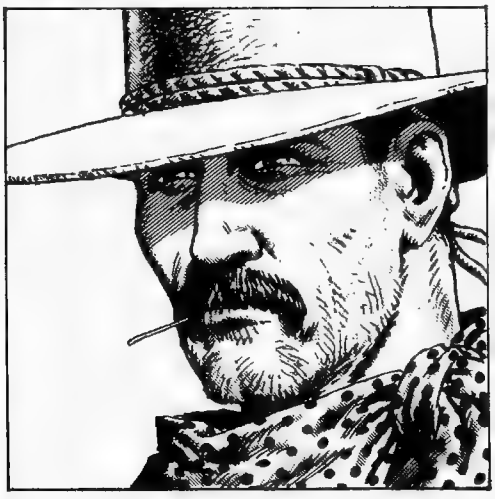
WRITER--CHARLES DIXON. ARTIST--JOHN SEVERIN. LETTERER--PHIL FELIX. EDITOR--LARRY HAMA.

PISTOLERO









HE IS YOUR PRISONER, NO? I AM THE ARMY COMMANDER OF THIS DUNG-HEAP SO YOU WILL ANSWER MY QUESTION.
CANTINA DE EL AGUILA
CUAR
YEAH HE'S MY PRISONER. I'M TAKING HIM BACK TO TEXAS. HE'S GOT A DATE WITH THE HANGMAN.
THIS IS TRUE?
CANTINA DE EL AGUILA
VINOS Y LICORES
CUARTOS
WELL, PERHAPS HE IS ALSO WANTED IN THIS COUNTRY, NO? MAYBE I HAVE A CLAIM TO HIM. HAH!
SO! HE IS WANTED IN MEXICAN TERRITORY FOR STEALING HORSES. A THOUSAND PESOS REWARD.
THAT'S DANGED INTERESTING BUT I'D LIKE TO GET IN OUT OF THE SUN...
...NICE TALKING TO YOU, GENERAL.

GUILA
STABLE MY HORSE FOR ME KID AND YOU'LL GET ANOTHER ONE, SABE?
SI!
CAN I HAVE A BEER?
WELL, I SURE AIN'T GONNA LET YOU DRINK THE WATER. THAT'D BE PLAIN CRUEL.
MY AMERICAN FRIEND. I STILL WISH TO TALK TO YOU.
YOU SEE, MY FRIEND, YOUR CAPTIVE IS NOT ONLY A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL BUT HE IS ALSO WORTH MUCHO DINERO IN THIS COUNTRY.
WHAT? A THOUSAND PESOS?
ALIVE AND KICKING, HE'S WORTH FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS UP TO DURANGO. A HUNDRED IF HE'S STIFF AND ROTTING ...
... AND NOBODY'S GONNA TAKE HIM FROM ME FOR NO MEASLY ONE THOUSAND PESO REWARD!
SHOOT, A THOUSAND PESOS WOULDN'T BUY YOU A BEER UP NORTH.
YOU ARE RIGHT MY FRIEND. I HAVE NO RIGHT TO INTRUDE ON YOUR BOUNTY. GOOD EVENING YANKEE.
YOU AIN'T GONNA LET THEM MEXS HANG ME?
OVER OUR DEAD BODIES.

THAT EVENING...
WELL, DARLIN', LET'S HEAD UPSTAIRS...
...WHILE I STILL HAVE THE ENERGY.
DO YOU THINK HE SLEEPS?
IT HAS BEEN HOURS. HE IS ASLEEP.
PULL BACK THE COVER. IT MIGHT BE THE HORSE THIEF.
SI, HE IS WORTH TOO MUCH TO KILL.
POR DIOS!
MMF, MMF, DMPH!

AK!
BLAM! BLAM!
THEM MEX'S SURE WANTA HANG ME, BAD.
NO SON, YOU'RE GONNA BE HANGED BY YOUR FELLOW TEXANS.
MINUTES LATER...
TAKING YOUR DOG FOR A WALK, GRINGO?

YOU ARE VERY GOOD, GRINGO. BUT WE ARE SO MANY.

HOPE YOU CAN KILL A MAN THAT AIN'T GOT HIS BACK TO YOU!
JUST WATCH ME!

KILL THEM! BOTH OF THEM!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
BAM!
BAM!
KRAK!
UGH!

POW!
BLAM!
BLAM!
POW!

THEY ARE ONLY TWO! KILL THEM NOW!

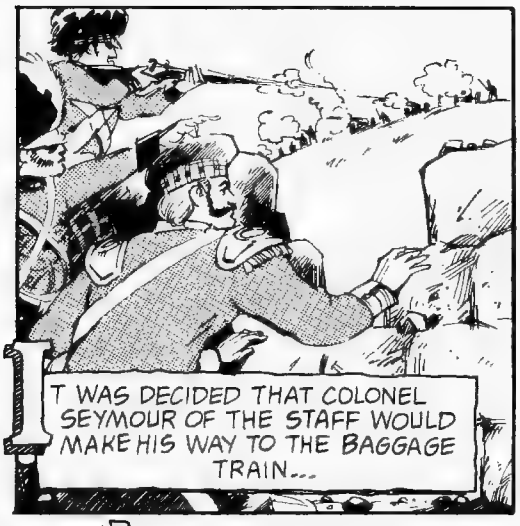
CAN'T GET A DECENT SHOT THIS WAY.
YOU'RE DOING FINE!
BLAM!
BLAM!
DZOOOO
TARNATION!
WHAT THE DEVIL?
POW!
THOK!
POW!
WE'RE PULLING STAKES!
DZINNNG!
POW!
BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!
POW!
BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM!
POW!
BLAM!

I'LL TAKE THAT BACK NOW.
WITH THIS GUN AND ONE BULLET I GOT A CHANCE.
WHAT CHANCE DO I GOT IN DURANGO?
I JUST KILLED A DOZEN MEN SO'S YOU COULD HANG PAINLESS AND PROPER ON AN AMERICAN-BUILT GALLOWS AND NOW YOU TURN ON ME.
BLAM!
BLAM!
WELL THERE'S FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS SHOT TO HELL... BUT YOU WERE PROBABLY TIRED OF WALKIN' ANYWAY.

COURAGE under FIRE
JUNE, 1815... A LITTLE CHATEAU NEAR A PLACE THAT HAS BECOME KNOWN AS WATERLOO...
NAPOLEON'S DREAM OF EMPIRE IS BEING SHATTERED BY THE IMPLACABLE STUBBORNESS OF THE SCOTS GUARD...
FRENCH ARTILLERY HAS REDUCED THE BUILDINGS TO RUBBLE...
BUT NOTHING WILL REDUCE THE SPIRIT OF THESE MEN.
MORE AMMO HERE!!
THE DEVIL'S BLOOD!
CAPTAIN!!

STORY--DOUG MURRAY ART--DAVE MORRIS LETTERS--JOHN MORELLI

SIR! WE'RE DONE, SIR! THERE'S NO AMMUNITION LEFT!
BE CALM, MAN, YOU'RE A BRITISH OFFICER, BLAST IT ALL!


IT WAS DECIDED THAT COLONEL SEYMOUR OF THE STAFF WOULD MAKE HIS WAY TO THE BAGGAGE TRAIN...

...AND FIND THE NEEDED AMMUNITION...

THE COLONEL AVOIDED CONTACT WITH THE FRENCH INFANTRY...

AND MADE HIS WAY TOWARD THE BRITISH SUPPLY TRAIN...

...AT LAST!!

WHO THE 'ELL IS HE? I'LL BE DAFT...

AT LAST, THANK GOOD-NESS
YOU, PRIVATE! COME HERE!
CARTRIDGES

NOW, BREWSTER, REMEMBER, WHEN I SAY WHIP THE HORSES FOR ALL THEY'RE WORTH! AND GET YOUR HEAD DOWN, MAN, AND KEEP IT DOWN!
IT'S VITAL THAT THIS AMMUNITION GET THROUGH!

YAH! KEEP GOING, BOYS! YAH!!

KEEP IT UP MAN, WE'RE ALMOST CLEAR!

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER, MORE IMMINENT DANGER...
WE'RE DONE, MAN!
THE WAGON'S AFIRE! WE'LL BE BLOWN TO ATOMS!
JUMP, MAN! FOR YOUR LIFE, JUMP!
JUMP, MAN! I SAY JUMP!
BUT BREWSTER DOES NOT JUMP, THE AMMUNITION IS NEEDED, AND BREWSTER WILL DELIVER IT, OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!
OPEN THE GATES!
THERE'S SOMEONE A-COMIN'!

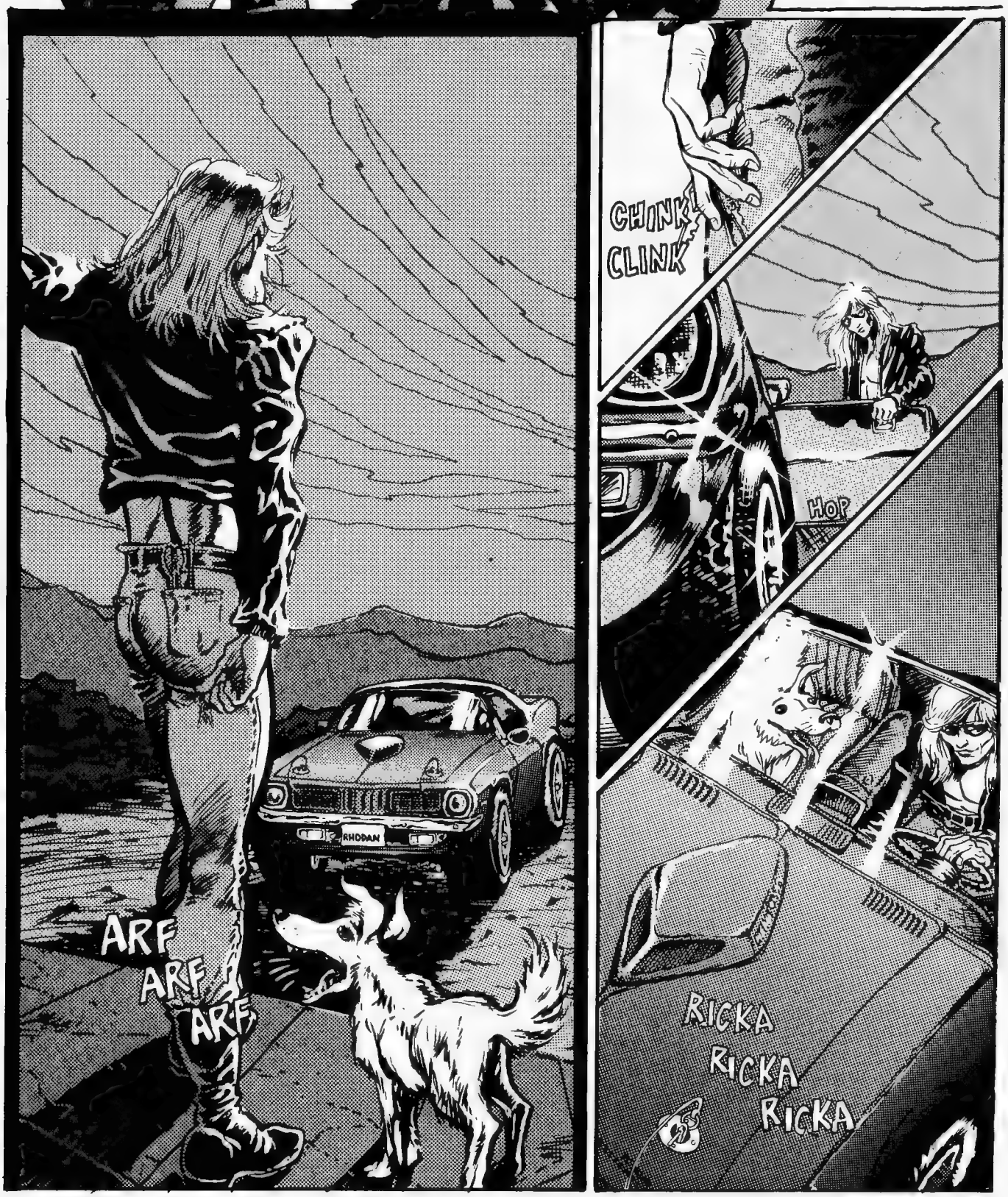
QUICK! BEFORE IT BLOWS!
GET THE AMMUNITION OFF!
ROYAL WAGGON TRAIN
FINE JOB, MAN! THERE'LL BE A PROMOTION IN THIS FOR YOU! YOU'LL BE A CORPORAL BEFORE THIS WEEK IS OUT!
THERE! REST NOW, MY LOVLIES-- YOU DESERVE IT!
AYE, SIR, IF WE WIN THE BATTLE AND BEAT OLD BONEY!

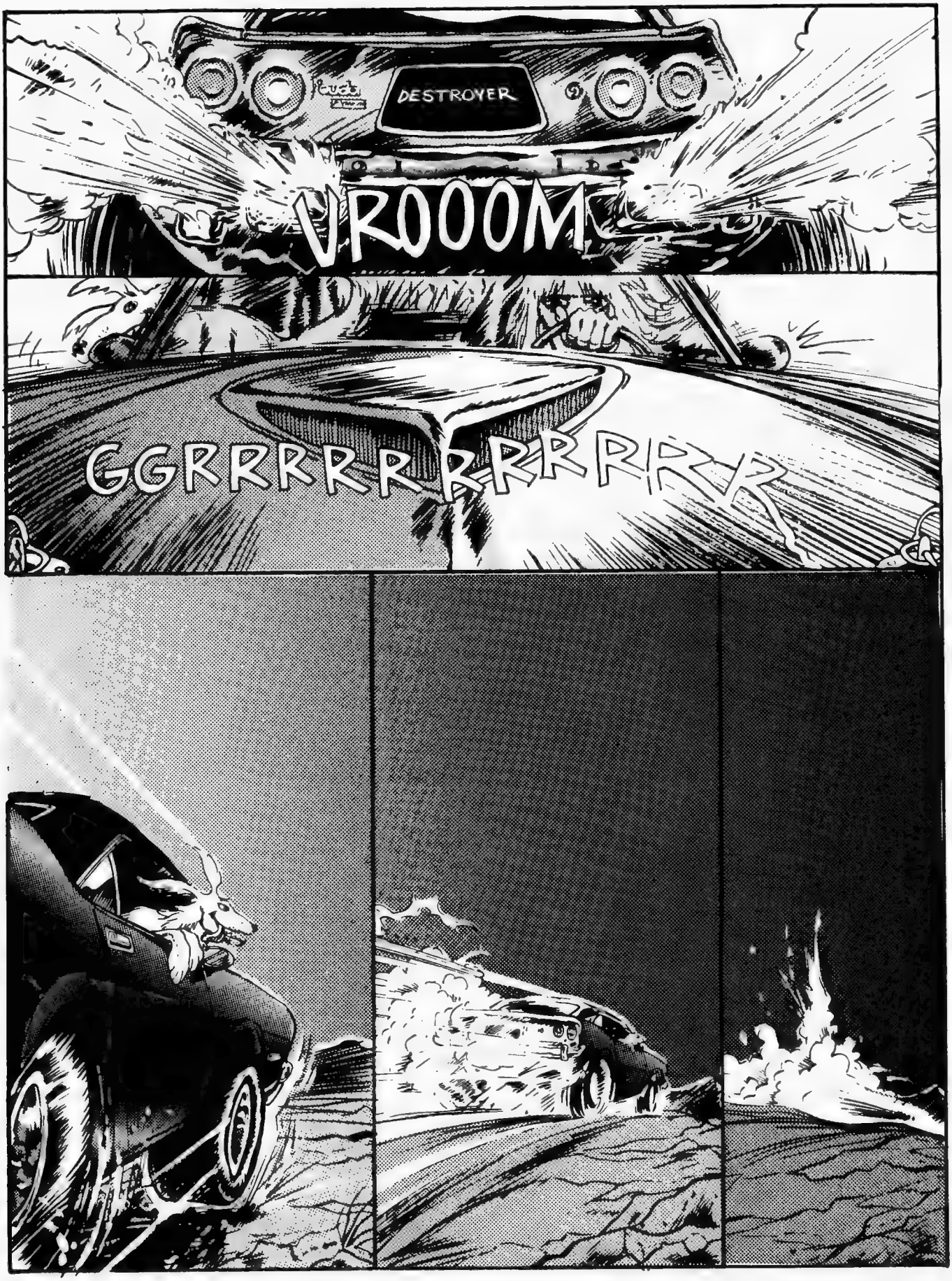
AND "OLD BONEY" IS BEATEN. FOR ALL THEIR EXPERIENCE AND EXPERTISE, THE FRENCH OLD GUARD CANNOT MATCH THE MATTER-OF-FACT HEROISM OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER!

A HEROISM THAT WILL KEEP THE SUN OVER THE BRITISH EMPIRE FOR MORE THAN 200 YEARS!!

"GEORGE"

BY J. O'BARR



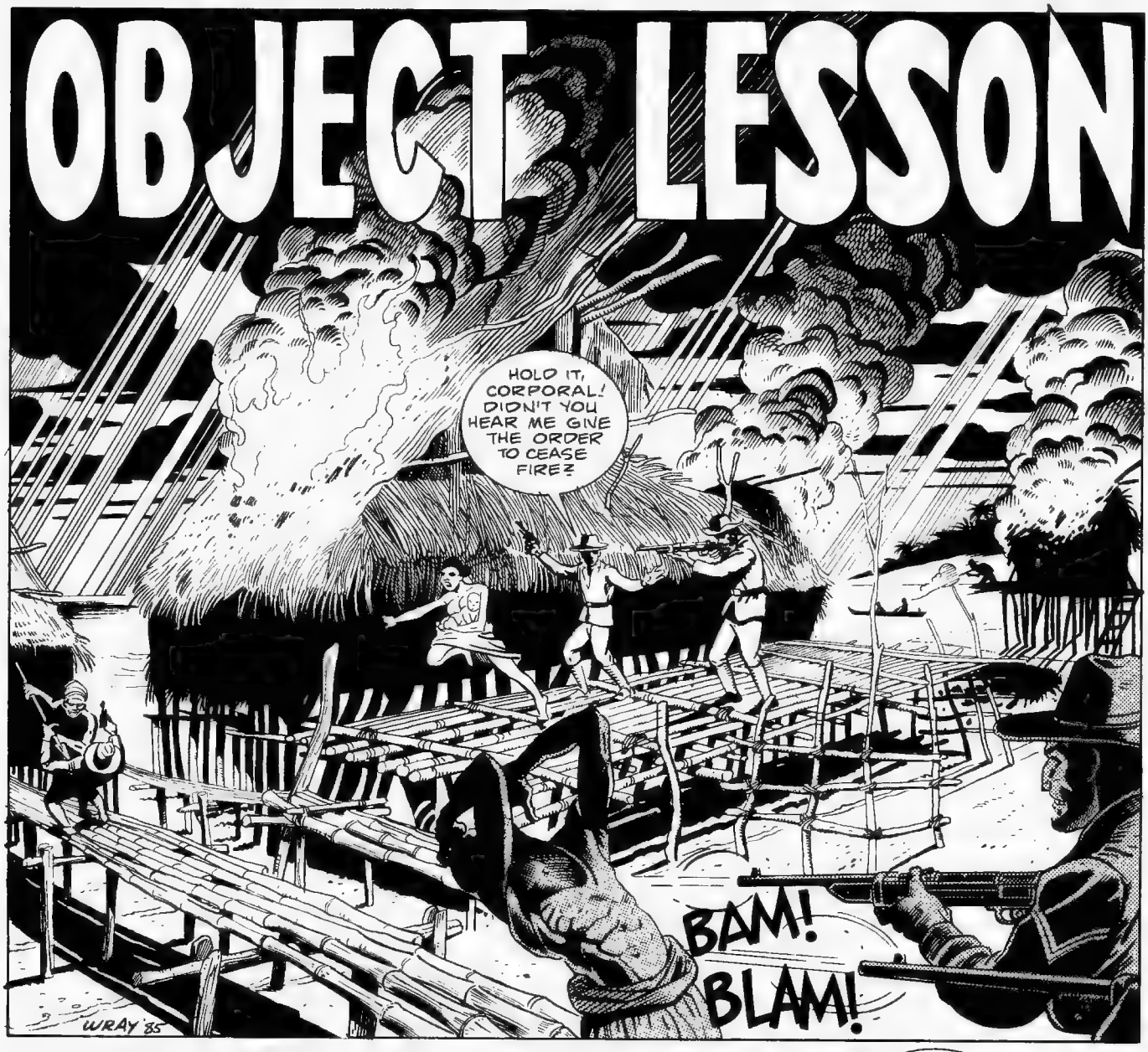

DESTROYER
VROOOM
GGRRRRRRRRRRRRR

RHODAN

YANK

1902: IN THE PHILIPPINE ARCHIPELAGO, ON THE ISLAND OF MINDANAO, A DISMOUNTED TROOP OF UNITED STATES CAVALRY ASSAULTS A VILLAGE OF SUSPECTED MORO INSURGENTS ON THE MORO GULF. THEIR ORDERS ARE TO AVENGE MORO DEPREDATIONS ON U.S. ARMY SUPPLY LINES AND TEACH THESE SEA-GOING MUSLIMS AN...

OBJECT LESSON



DON KRAAR	BILL WRAY	JOHN WORKMAN	LARRY HAMA	JIM SHOOTER
WRITER/CO-PLOTTER	CO-PLOTTER/ARTIST	LETTERER	EDITOR	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

MIGHTY SORRY, LIEUTENANT. I RECKON I DIDN'T HEAR YOU.
BLAM!
WHAAA
THAT'S DISOBEDIENCE OF A DIRECT ORDER, SERGEANT FOGERTY. THAT JUST MAY GET YOU A COURT MARTIAL.
BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, LIEUTENANT GATEWOOD, BUT YOU'RE NEW OUT HERE. WE'VE GOT A CERTAIN WAY OF DOIN' THINGS IN THIS CAMPAIGN.

SHUT UP, CORPORAL HAUER.
NOW LISTEN AND LISTEN GOOD, FOGERTY. WHEN WE GET BACK, THERE'LL BE AN INQUIRY...
SERGEANT!

YES, SIR!
CAPTAIN WALKER, THE SERGEANT DISOBEYED A DIRECT...
I'M NOT INTERESTED, LIEUTENANT. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR SUNDAY SCHOOL VIRTUE.
NOW, SERGEANT, MAKE THIS "GOO-GOO" TALK.

THAT'S RIGHT, IT'S SALT PORK. IF I RUB IT ALL OVER YOU, YOU'LL BE UNCLEAN AN' ALLAH WON'T LET YOU INTO "GOO-GOO" HEAVEN.

CAPTAIN, LOOKS LIKE WE HIT THE WRONG VILLAGE. THE ONE WE WANT IS ABOUT FIVE MILES UP THE COAST.
WELL, WIN SOME, LOSE SOME. SERGEANT, SHOOT THE PRISONERS AND PREPARE THE MEN TO MOVE OUT.

CAPTAIN, I'M MAKING A FORMAL PROTEST. I WON'T HAVE ANY PART OF MURDERING PEOPLE IN COLD BLOOD!
LIEUTENANT, STOP TRYIN' TO BE NOBLE AND WAKE UP.

AIEEEE!
BLAM!

WE'RE HERE TO TEACH THESE PEOPLE AN OBJECT LESSON. I'LL GRANT YOU IT'S NOT NICE, BUT IT'S OUR DUTY.
SERGEANT, COLLECT THE HEADS!

"COLLECT THE HEADS!" GULP!
THE WAR DEPARTMENT WANTS AN ACCURATE BODY COUNT, LIEUTENANT. SO WE GIVE 'EM ONE THEY CAN'T ARGUE WITH.
AN' AFTER THE OFFICIAL COUNT IS MADE, WE SELL THE HEADS BACK TO THE "GOO-GOOS!"
AGCH...
CHOP!
AS THE TROOP MOVES INLAND TO REJOIN THE MAIN COLUMN...
GET THE LEAD OUT! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE TIME WHILE WE'VE STILL GOT THE LIGHT OR WE'LL HAVE THE MOROS ON US FOR SURE.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, SARGE. I'D SURE HATE TO RUN INTO MORE "GOO-GOOS", SEEIN' AS HOW WE'RE ALL TUCKERED OUT.
THE WIND IS CARRYING THE SMOKE OUT TO SEA. THE MOROS UP THE COAST MAY NOT HAVE SPOTTED IT.
BUT, KEEP THE MEN MOVING, SERGEANT. I DON'T WANT ANY STRAGGLERS.
HOURS LATER IN THE INTERIOR...
SURE WISH THE CAPTAIN'D STOP PUSHIN' SO HARD. THERE AIN'T NO MOROS 'ROUND HERE.

NOPE, THERE AIN'T NONE NOWHERE NEAR. I CAN ALWAYS SMELL 'EM, YOU KNOW.
EEE
SHI
SUDDENLY, THE RAIN FOREST IS ALIVE WITH MORO WARRIORS.
LIEUTENANT, FORM A LINE... AGH!
WONK!
POW!
CAPTAIN, WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED. WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?
TAKE COMMAND, LIEUTENANT. SAVE YOUR LAST BULLET FOR YOURSELF AN' DON'T LET 'EM TAKE ME ALIVE!
BLAM!
KA-POW!
SORRY, SIR, BUT I DON'T HOLD WITH SUICIDE OR MERCY-KILLING, EITHER.
KAPOW
SUDDENLY, THE LIEUTENANT FEELS A SHARP BLOW AND LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS...
WOK!
U.S.
U.S.

IN ANOTHER MORO VILLAGE UP THE COAST...
RISE AN' SHINE, GATEWOOD. WELCOME TO PERDITION.
HAHAA
EEEEEEEE
EEEEEEEE
THOSE ARE OUR MEN BEING CUT TO PIECES.
OH, MY HEAD...
LOOKS LIKE THEY SAVED US FOR LAST.
NO TE PREOCUPES, AMERICANITO, ELLOS NO TE HARAN DAÑO.*
*DO NOT WORRY, YOUNG AMERICAN, THEY WILL NOT HARM YOU.
WELL, SHE SPEAKS A LITTLE SPANISH, GATEWOOD. SAYS SHE SAW YOU TRY TO SAVE HER SISTER BACK AT THE OTHER VILLAGE. SHE THINKS YOU'RE MIGHTY NOBLE.
IF YOU'D SHOWN A LITTLE COMPASSION, THEY MIGHT HAVE SPARED YOU TOO, CAPTAIN.
BAH! DON'T BE SO SURE. VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD --BUT IT MAY BE ALL YOU GET.
AS THE CAPTAIN'S SCREAMS FILL THE NIGHT, THE MORO GIRL OFFERS THE LIEUTENANT OPIUM TO CALM HIS SHATTERED NERVES...
EEEEEY
I'LL TRY ANYTHING IF IT'LL STOP THE POUNDING IN MY HEAD.
AND SLOWLY...
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
PUF!
...THE NARCOTIC...
AHHH... YES... FEELS BETTER.
...DOES ITS WORK.

MORNING-- THE LIEUTENANT WAKES UP ON A BEACH ON THE MORO GULF, MILES FROM THE MORO VILLAGE...
LIEUTENANT GATEWOOD'S EYES TRY TO ADJUST TO THE MORNING SUN...
AND THEN HE BEGINS TO SCREAM, BUT THE SOUND DIES IN HIS THROAT AS HE FEELS A THROBBING PAIN...
ACH...
HE RECOGNIZES CAPTAIN WALKER.
BZZZZZ
BZZZZZZZ
BZZZZZZ
HE FEELS SOMETHING IN HIS HAND... SOMETHING STUCK TO IT WITH DRIED BLOOD...
ACHHH...
...AND REALIZES WHY HE CANNOT SPEAK-- OR SCREAM.

HE TRIES TO DENY HIS OWN SENSES...
UHRUGGH!
BUT, SLOWLY HE REALIZES THAT HIS SKIN HAS BEEN STAINED DARKER THAN ANY CAUCASIAN'S...
IN A STUPOR, HE STAGGERS TOWARDS THE SURF...
AND HE REALIZES THAT THE MOROS HAVE ADOPTED HIM...
...SO THAT HE WOULD KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ONE OF THEM...
ACH, NCH...
SUDDENLY...
WELL, LOOK WHAT WE GOT, SARGE. LOOKS KINDA FAMILIAR, DON'T HE?
MUST BE ONE OF THE "GOO-GOOS THAT AMBUSHED US YESTERDAY.
NOW WE SHOULDN'T DO LESS FOR HIM THAN HE DONE FOR CAPTAIN WALKER.
ACH!
LOOK AT HIM BEG, SARGE. I THOUGHT THESE "GOO-GOOS" WAS TOUGH.
THIS ONE'S GETTIN' TIRE-SOME.
BLAM!

WELL, HERE'S ONE MORE FOR THE HEAD COUNT!
HE OUGHT TO FETCH A FAIR PRICE.
CHOP!

AT THE AMERICAN CAMP, SERGEANT FOGERTY AND CORPORAL HAUER ENGAGE IN A SIDE ENTERPRISE. AFTER THE OFFICIAL COUNT IS MADE, THEY SELL THE HEADS BACK TO THE MOROS SO THAT THEIR KINSMEN CAN ENTER PARADISE.
AW, STOP HAGGLIN' 'BOUT THE PRICE.
IT'S THE SAME AS IT WAS LAST TIME--AND IN GOLD.

YOU SEE, YOU ALWAYS TRY TO CHEAT US. THIS HEAD IS WORTH-LESS. IT'S A WHITE MAN.
I THOUGHT THAT ONE LOOKED FAMILIAR, SARGE.
SO IT IS. BY GOD, NOW I KNOW! WHY, THIS IS LIEUTENANT GATEWOOD!
LOOKS LIKE HE FINALLY STOPPED BEING VIRTUOUS!
END